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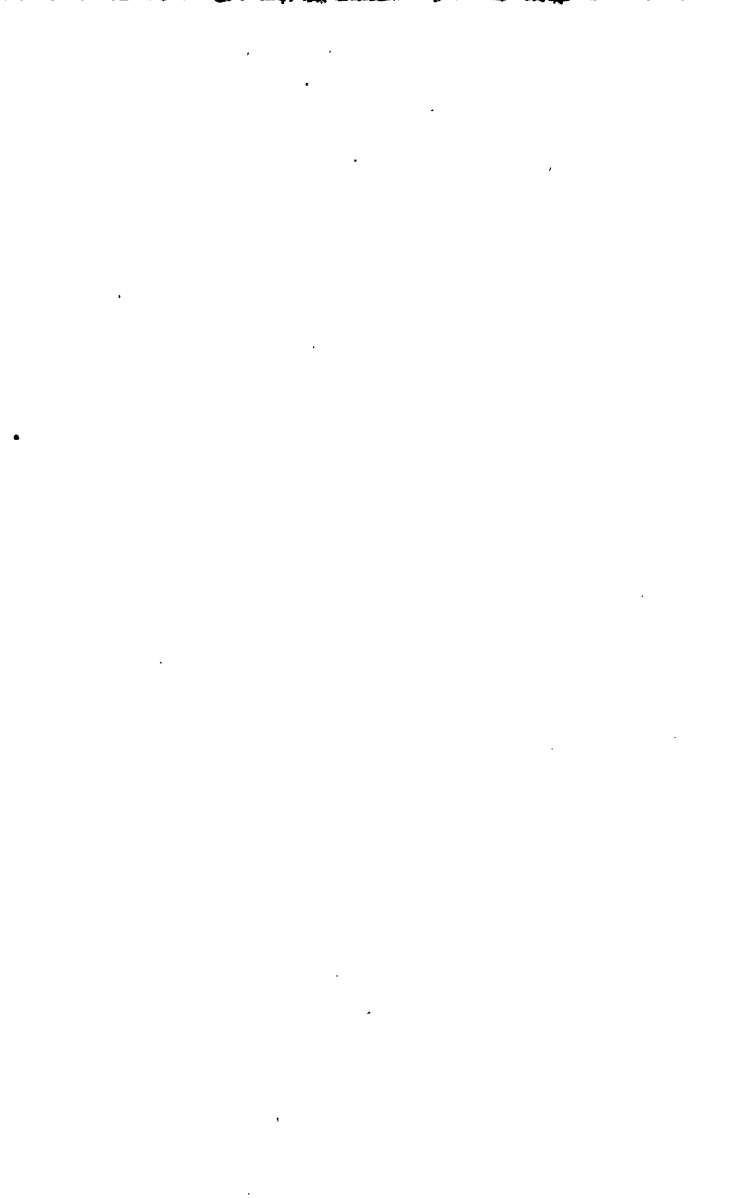




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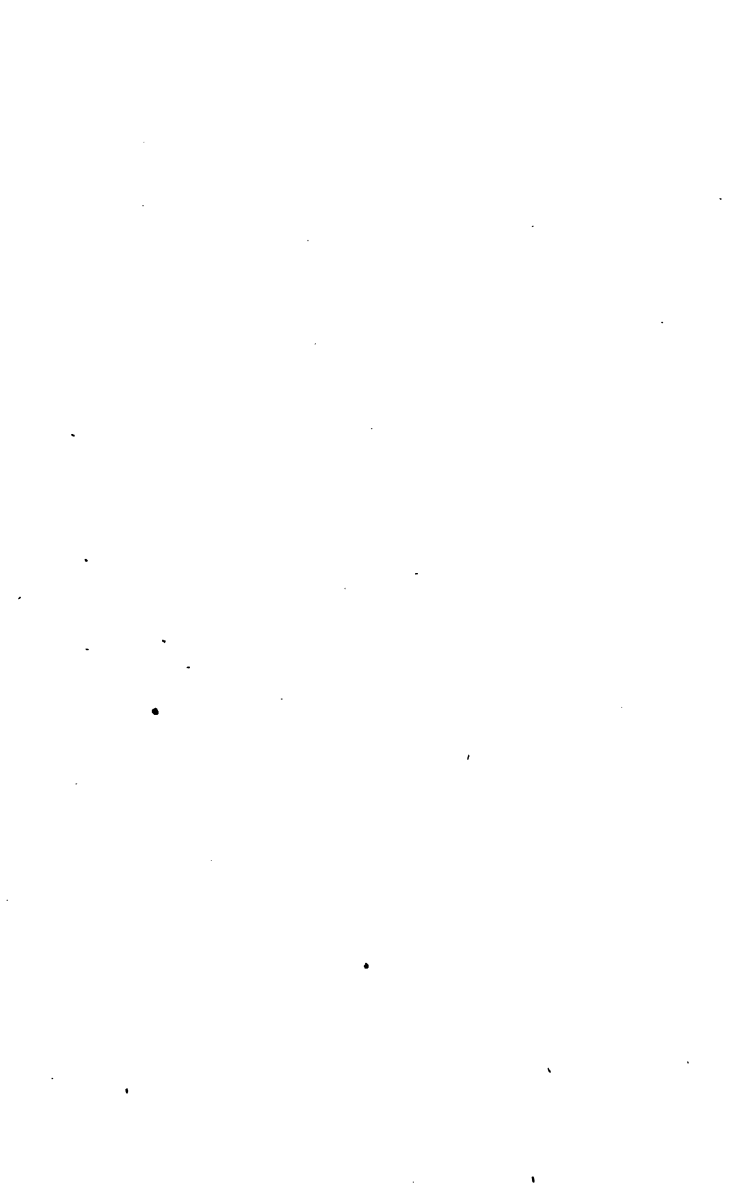




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**THE
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**INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.**

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LXX.

SCOTT. LOGAN.

CHISWICK :

**Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;**

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1822.



THE
POEMS
OF
SCOTT, AND LOGAN.

Chistock :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
POEMS
OF
John Scott.

THE
LIFE OF JOHN SCOTT.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

THE sect of the Quakers has produced but few poets; nor is this circumstance to be wondered at, as the kind of mental discipline under which its members are trained, though it may be calculated to make them estimable as men, is of too austere a nature to be favourable to the expansion of talent. I do not remember that, before JOHN SCOTT, the subject of this memoir, a single poet had appeared in that sect. His father, a quaker, and a man of irreproachable conduct, was a draper and a citizen of London. John Scott was his youngest son, and was born in the Grange Walk, in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, on the ninth of January, 1730.

The early education of the poet was of a very limited kind. At the age of seven years he began to be instructed at home in the rudiments of the Latin language, by John Clarke, a Scotchman, who kept a school in Bermondsey-street. This tutor is said to have been a man of severe manners; but as, in later life, his pupil remembered him with pleasure, his

severity could not have extended beyond what was necessary to ensure to himself a proper degree of respect.

When Scott was ten years old, his father removed with his family to the pleasant village of Amwell, in Hertfordshire, where, for a while, he carried on the business of a maltster. Young Scott was sent to a private day school, at which he does not appear to have much increased his stock of knowledge. One circumstance was a formidable impediment to his progress. Both his father and himself had never had the small pox; and his father had such an extreme dread of the disease that their frequent removals, to shun it, rendered it impossible for the youth to be regularly educated. To such an almost insane extent was this terror felt, that, though residing within twenty miles of London, he was not permitted to visit the metropolis more than once in the course of twenty years. Whatever learning he acquired was caught by snatches; as the dog of Egypt is said to lap while he runs, that he may lessen the danger with which he is threatened from the jaws of the crocodile. It is not probable that he gained much in this desultory manner. Mr. Hoole, his friend and biographer, is of opinion that he knew very little of Latin, and nothing of Italian or French. He was, however, not wanting to himself. Of such books as were accessible in his seclusion he was a diligent reader; but seems to have been fondest of those which related to subjects of taste and criticism. Though he was shut out from classical lore, he manifestly accumulated a valuable fund of elegant and useful information.

All rural sights and sounds and pursuits were to him a source of delight. Among the scanty number of amusements with which he enlivened his retirement, gardening held a favourite place; and, in the

course of years, he converted his garden at Amwell into an object of so much beauty that it still attracts the visits of those who travel in its neighbourhood.

To wish to describe in verse the scenes which he admired, and the ideas which arose out of the contemplation of them, was a natural feeling. When he was about seventeen his talent for poetry began to be displayed. His first efforts were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Three of them are reprinted in his works; but the remainder cannot now be discovered.

In his studies he was aided by two individuals, who, humble as were their stations in life, were endowed with intellectual faculties of a superior order. He is said to have derived much advantage from converse with Charles Frogley, a bricklayer, who had received from nature a taste for poetry, and had acquired by self culture a large share of critical discernment. To Frogley, who was many years older than himself, he continued through life to be warmly attached; and, in his eleventh ode, he affectionately chides him for supposing that any abatement of ardour could take place in the friendship of the poet.

His other adviser was Mr. James Turner, who afterwards became a dissenting preacher, to whom he was introduced in the year 1753 or 1754. On the judgment of this person, Scott appears to have relied greatly, and perhaps not without reason. Mr. Hoole says of Turner, 'he possessed considerable natural abilities, and much acquired knowledge, with a candid disposition and elegant taste; and, by the general tenor of his correspondence with Scott, appears to have been always a young man of a religious and studious turn.' By one who knew him personally, higher praise than this is given. He declares his acquisitions, among which mathematics and philosophy were conspicuous, to have been not more ex-

tensive in themselves than extraordinary in their nature. The advice of such a man could not fail of being beneficial to Scott. They were afterwards widely separated, but they kept up a constant intercourse, and their friendship remained unbroken till the death of Turner.

It was not till he was nearly thirty years of age that Scott ventured to make occasional visits to the metropolis; and even then they seem, at the outset, to have been as brief, and effected with as much caution, as if he had been entering a city which was ravaged by pestilence. In 1760, however, he took a step which had a tendency to throw him more into society. In the spring of that year he first came forward, in the regular way, as an author, by publishing, in a quarto pamphlet, his 'Four Elegies, descriptive and moral;' written on the four seasons. The reception which the public gave to his work was sufficiently cheering. His verses were praised by the reviewers, and, which was probably more gratifying to him, by Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Carter, and Dr. Young. They appeared anonymously; but his name was soon known, and he gained by them the notice of several literary characters.

Tired, at length, of existing in constant dread of the small pox, and of being thus excluded from a free communication with his fellow men, Scott, in 1767, summoned up resolution and wisdom enough to submit to be inoculated. The operation was performed with perfect safety by Baron Dimsdale. Thus relieved from his fears, he no longer hesitated to make frequent journeys to London. In 1761, while, to avoid the small pox which then raged at Ware, he was residing at the hamlet of St. Margaret's, two miles from Amwell, he had contracted a close intimacy with Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto. That gentleman now introduced him to

many who were eminent in literature, and, among them, to Dr. Johnson. 'Notwithstanding the difference of their political principles (says Mr. Hoole), Scott had too much love for genius and goodness not to be highly gratified in the opportunity of cultivating a friendship with that great exemplar of human virtues, and that great veteran of human learning; while the doctor, with a mind superior to the distinction of party, delighted with equal complacency in the amiable qualities of Scott, of whom he always spoke with feeling regard.'

Sarah Frogley, the daughter of his old and tried friend, was the female whom he chose as his partner in the wedded state. Their nuptials took place in 1767, the bride having previously been admitted a member of the society of Friends. His domestic happiness was complete, but it was transient. In 1768 his wife died in childbed, and the same year deprived him of his father and his infant child. He had already lost his mother, who died the year before his marriage.

Too agonized to remain in a scene where every thing reminded him of departed bliss, he took refuge in the house of a friend at Upton. When he had recovered some degree of control over his feelings, he commemorated the virtues of his wife, and poured forth his sorrows for her death, in an elegy which is replete with unaffected tenderness. This composition he would not allow to be published for sale. It was merely printed for private distribution. Dr. Langhorne was then suffering under the same kind of affliction; and this circumstance is happily alluded to in the elegy. It has been supposed that the friendship of Langhorne was gained by this allusion; but the supposition is erroneous, since the elegy speaks of him as being already the friend of Scott.

The cup of grief was not yet full. In 1769 his

companion and correspondent, Turner, was snatched from him; and there can be no doubt that he was sincerely lamented. It is probable that 'The Shepherd's Elegy, occasioned by the Death of a lamented Friend,' is a tribute to his memory.

Having enjoyed the blessings of an union with a partner of congenial mind, the solitary state of a widower was irksome to Scott, and he once more sought for a female with whom he might spend the remainder of his days. He was again fortunate in his choice. His second wife, to whom he was married in November, 1770, was Maria de Horne, the daughter of the late Abraham de Horne: 'a lady (says his biographer) whose amiable qualities promised him many years of uninterrupted happiness.' That the promise was amply made good, is proved by the affectionate lines which her husband addressed to her, six years after their hands were joined. A wife such as he there describes her to be, he might well consider as the gift of 'favouring Heaven.'

Though he had published nothing since his elegies, he was now well known as a man of talent, and the number of his acquaintance, in consequence, continued to increase. He was introduced to the parties of Mrs. Montague; and contracted an intimacy with Sir William Jones, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Mickle, Mr. Potter, and Dr. Beattie; the latter of whom became one of his correspondents, and twice visited him at Amwell.

To the village where he had long resided Scott was exceedingly partial. As early as 1761 he began to celebrate, in verse, its beauties and those of the vicinity; for, in that year, he showed to Mr. Hoole the first sketch of a poem, which was then called 'A Prospect of Ware and the Country adjacent.' The work was, however, not published till 1776, when it

came forth with the title of 'Amwell, a descriptive poem.' If it did not become popular, it was at least sufficiently applauded to stimulate him to further efforts.

When the controversy arose respecting those compositions to which the name of Rowley was affixed by the astonishing and unfortunate Chatterton (or, as a biographer decorously and feelingly denominates him, 'the young impostor'), Scott took an early part in it. He was, indeed, one of the first who denied their authenticity. The Gentleman's Magazine was the vehicle through which his sentiments were conveyed. In his twenty-sixth ode, he also expresses his admiration of the genius, and deploras the fate of, Chatterton, in such language as might be expected from a man of benevolence and taste.

Poetry alone did not occupy all his leisure moments. He is said to have been the writer of several anonymous pamphlets and essays, on various subjects; and likewise to have been among the numerous refuters of the three eloquent but sophistical political tracts of his friend Dr. Johnson. His answers to Dr. Johnson I have never seen; but it is urged against them that they are marked by an improper warmth of expression. Scott was, perhaps, one of those who are of opinion, that he who attempts to discountenance the principles of freedom does not deserve to be treated with extraordinary tenderness; and that the crime of such an attempt is aggravated by the circumstance of the offender being a man possessed of splendid talents, and of extensive moral influence. Those slavish maxims which, when heard from the lips of a briefless barrister, might be safely laughed at, may be fraught with danger when delivered from the judgment seat, by one of the dispensers of the law.

Scott had other avocations, which, though less

brilliant than his literary pursuits, were honourable to himself, and highly beneficial to the sphere of society in which he was placed. There is, perhaps, no station in life more useful and more delightful than that of an independent and intelligent country gentleman. He has the power of doing much to diffuse happiness around him; and, by trivial but soothing acts of kindness, he may alleviate that misery which does not admit of being removed. A country gentleman is the natural guardian of the rural classes, and when he neglects to be so, he violates a sacred duty, for the performance of which he would be amply repaid by their grateful attachment. To this important truth Scott appears to have given its due weight. In his intercourse with his inferiors he was benevolent, and remarkably easy of access. Among his neighbours he was known in the glorious character of a peace-maker; as he often came forward, and with success, to avert, by advice or by arbitration, those irritating and ruinous appeals to courts of law, which are too frequently made by rustic squires.

The state of the poor was a subject which could not fail to attract the attention of such an investigating and kind-hearted individual as Scott. The system which robs the labouring classes of their right, that it may dole out to them the produce of the robbery as a boon; or, in other words, which withholds wages, that it may affect to bestow charity; had not then reached the monstrous extent to which it has since attained. Yet, even then, its pernicious effects were obvious enough to provoke censure. Having long reflected, and widely inquired, Scott published, in 1773, his 'Observations on the present State of the vagrant and parochial Poor.' In this pamphlet, he, among other things, severely reprobates the brutal and indiscriminating harshness of

the vagrant laws; the practice of farming out work-houses he justly describes as an encouragement to inhumanity, because it enables the avaricious to starve and overwork paupers, for the purpose of heaping up wealth with greater rapidity; and he contends that 'taxation should not be local and arbitrary, but general and uniform, limited, like the land tax, to a certain standard, by which all possible advantage from parsimony, and consequently every inducement to oppression, being effectually obviated, it will be much less material in whom the administration of maintenance is reposed.'

The master cause of the misery existing in villages, he traces to the grasping conduct of the landholders, who, says he, 'enclose commons for the pasturage of horses, designed for exportation to our enemies, demolish cottages, and accumulate farms, adding house to house, and field to field, till there be no place for the poor on the earth.'

This complaint was made half a century ago, when, in fact, the evil which excited it was only beginning to operate. Had the author of the 'Observations' lived till a later period, he would have seen cottagers, and little farmers, and yeomen, swept from the face of the land, and their destruction considered, by agricultural writers and political economists, as a sort of triumph, and a public benefit; on the ground that the quantity of produce is increased by throwing a number of small farms into one farm of gigantic magnitude. I am not yet convinced that an increase of produce is by this means obtained; but, were I convinced of it, I should still look upon their system as a monster of absurdity and cruelty. It is calculated to reduce the people to only two divisions—tyrants and slaves. If it were not for the mischief which arises from such doctrines, we might indulge a laugh at their folly. He who has the mind

of a statesman will not attend merely to the quantity of food which is raised; but to the quantity of intellectual energy, honest, courageous spirit, and domestic comfort, which is to be found among the cultivators of the soil. Ignorant indeed must he be, who does not know that, in those countries where subsistence is the most abundant, the natives are often the most abject and most wretched of the human race.

The good sense and humanity of Scott led him also to object to the remorseless rigour of our penal code, and to propose that perpetual imprisonment should be substituted for the punishment of death. In this he has been joined by men eminent for learning and virtue. They have, however, hitherto laboured in vain. In the course of another half century our children may, perhaps, discover, that a code which denounces the same penalty against petty theft and premeditated murder is not the perfection of wisdom; and that the hanging of an offender does nothing for society in the way of atonement, and little, if anything, in that of example.

In the local improvement of the district in which he resided Scott was meritoriously active. He is said to have proposed and carried the plan of the excellent road between Hertford and Ware, and also that by which some useful alterations were made in the streets of Ware. At the turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissions of land-tax, he was a regular attendant. From taking the oaths as a magistrate, he was prevented only by his reluctance to give offence to the Society; it being his opinion that an oath and an affirmation are substantially the same.

That he had paid particular attention to the constructing and managing of roads is manifest, from the circumstance of his having twice published on.

the subject. His first work appeared, as a pamphlet, in 1773, and was called 'A Digest of the present Act for Amending the Highways.' Five years afterwards, he expanded it into an octavo volume, which bore the title of 'Digests of the general Highway and Turnpike Laws; and Remarks: also an Appendix, on the Construction and Preservation of Roads.' The digest is said to be well executed, and the remarks to be clear and scientific.

In the spring of 1782 he made a bolder effort than he had yet made to obtain poetical fame. He published a volume of poems, which, along with 'Amwell' and the 'Moral and Descriptive Elegies,' contained a large number of new pieces. It was ornamented with engravings, and with a portrait of himself, which, however, is said not to be a correct likeness of him.

The Monthly Reviewers mentioned his work in very favourable terms. Not so the Critical Reviewers. Though they did not wholly refuse him praise, yet they gave it scantily and reluctantly, and they mixed it up with impertinent sneers at his motive in publishing, which they insinuated to be vanity, and his fondness for graphic embellishment, which they considered to be unsuitable to the plainness and simplicity of the Barclean system. 'But (added they) Mr. Scott is fond of the Muses, and wishes, we suppose, like captain Macheath, to see his ladies well dressed.'

Such witless and illiberal jokes ought to be avenged only by contempt. Unfortunately, Scott did not think so. In his anger he published a letter to the Critical Reviewers; and, as anger is a bad counsellor, his letter was written in a strain calculated rather to do injury to himself than to his antagonists. He attacked his censors with bitterness, he complained loudly of their injustice, and he as-

serted his own merit with a vehemence which gave some colour to their accusation, that he was under the influence of vanity.

At this period he was himself preparing to come before the public in the character of a critic. He had been a diligent reader of our best poets, and had written down such remarks on them as occurred in the course of his reading. He was likewise dissatisfied with some of Dr. Johnson's decisions, in the *Lives of the Poets*; and he, therefore, resolved to collect his own remarks, and to give them to the world, with the title of '*Critical Essays*.' He sent the work to press, but he did not live to see it printed. It was published, in 1786, by his friend Mr. Hoole, who prefixed to it a life of the author. In these essays acuteness and sound judgment are often conspicuous; yet it must be owned that, in many instances, they display a hypercritical spirit, that they urge fastidious objections, and that the verbal and other alterations which they suggest are not always such as would be productive of improvement.

Scott had reached the age of fifty-four, but was still in the full vigour of mind and body, when he was seized by the disorder which terminated his existence. Late in October, 1783, he accompanied his wife to London, to procure medical advice for a complaint under which she laboured. On the first of December, while he was at his house at Ratcliff, he sickened with the putrid fever, and on the twelfth of the same month he closed his earthly career. During his illness, his spirits were depressed (a natural consequence of the malady), and he seems at times to have looked back on the few trifling errors of his past life with an unnecessary degree of self-crimination and dread. He died, however, without a sigh or a groan; and it may, therefore, be hoped

that his expiring moments were cheered by a perfect reliance on the paternal beneficence of a merciful Creator. His remains were interred at Ratcliff, in the burying ground of the Friends.

The countenance of Scott was cheerful and animated. Tall and slender in his person, his limbs were, nevertheless, remarkably strong and muscular; he was very active, and in the exercise of walking he took much delight. 'He preferred the time for poetical composition when the rest of the family were in bed; and it was frequently his custom to sit in a dark room, and when he had composed a number of lines, he would go into another room where a candle was burning, in order to commit them to paper. Though in general very regular in his hour of retiring to rest, he would sometimes be up great part of the night, when he was engaged in any literary work.'

If the poets were to be divided into classes, Scott could scarcely be allowed to rank higher than among the third class. As an observer of nature, and it is in this light that he appears to most advantage, he himself claims the praise of having drawn from her 'much imagery that had escaped the notice of all his predecessors,' and of having made some of their imagery his own, by 'novelty of arrangement and combination.' To this praise, his 'Amwell,' his Eclogues, his Epistles, and, indeed, the majority of his poems, prove that he has a legitimate claim.

Of his 'Oriental Eclogues' the eastern costume is well preserved. The other eclogues are above mediocrity, both in sentiment and descriptive power; though, perhaps, those which bear the title of 'Amœbean,' are too formal and protracted.

In his 'Amwell' he has described the scenery with considerable effect. It is, however, to be regretted, that his blank verse is of a defective kind. The

pause falls with a wearisome frequency on the same syllable, and the verse bears a disagreeable resemblance to rhymed verse which has been deprived of its rhymes.

In the odes there is much that is honourable to his talent; though they are occasionally disfigured by prosaic lines, and unpoetic forms of expression. 'The Horatian, or lesser ode, (he says) is characterized principally by ease and correctness.' He should have remembered that it is also characterized by an elegant choice of diction. One of his odes, however, 'The Mexican Prophecy,' is entitled to almost unqualified approbation for vigorous thoughts clothed in appropriate language.

In his other compositions he is not seldom a poet, and is always a man of benevolence and cultivated taste.

AMWELL.

A Descriptive Poem.

THERE dwells a fond desire in human minds,
When pleased, their pleasure to extend to those
Of kindred taste; and thence the' enchanting arts
Of Picture and of Song, the semblance fair
Of Nature's forms, produce. This fond desire
Prompts me to sing the lonely silvan scenes
Of Amwell; which, so oft in early youth,
While novelty enhanced their native charms,
Gave rapture to my soul; and often, still,
On life's calm moments shed serener joy.

Descriptive Muse! whose hand along the
stream
Of ancient Thames, through Richmond's shady
groves,
And Sheen's fair valleys, once thy Thomson ¹ led;
And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody dales,
And sunny landscapes of Campania's plain,
Thy other favour'd bard ²; thou, who so late,
In bowers by Clent's wild peaks ³, to Shen-
stone's ear

¹ Thomson, author of the Seasons, resided part of his life near Richmond.

² Dyer, author of Grongar Hill; the Ruins of Rome; and that excellent neglected poem, The Fleece.

³ The Clent-hills adjoin to Hagley Park, and are not far distant from the Leasowes.

Didst bring sweet strains of rural melody,
(Alas, no longer heard!)—vouchsafe thine aid :
From all our rich varieties of view,
What best may please, assist me to select,
With art dispose, with energy describe,
And its full image on the mind impress.

And ye, whoe'er in these delightful fields
Consumed with me the social hour, while I
Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest spots,
And on their fairest objects fix'd your sight;
Accept this verse, which may to memory call
That social hour, and sweetly varied walk!

And thou, by strong connubial union mine;
Mine by the stronger union of the heart;
In whom the loss of parents and of friends,
And her, the first fair partner of my joys,
All recompensed I find; whose presence cheers
The soft domestic scene; Maria, come!
The country calls us forth; blithe Summer's hand
Sheds sweetest flowers, and morning's brightest
smile

Illumines earth and air; Maria, come!
By winding pathways through the waving corn,
We reach the airy point that prospect yields,
Not vast and awful, but confined and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main;
Not the throng'd city and the busy port;
But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
And twining course of rivers clear, and sight
Of rural towns and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round, and animate the whole.

Far towards the west, close under sheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by Lea's cerulean stream,

Hertford's gray towers⁴ ascend ; the rude remains
Of high antiquity, from waste escaped
Of envious Time and violence of War.
For War there once, so tells the' historic page,
Led Desolation's steps : the hardy Dane,
By Avarice lured, o'er Ocean's stormy wave,
To ravage Albion's plains, his favourite seat,
There fixed awhile : and there his castles rear'd
Among the trees ; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd,
With idle sails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and streamers gay
Triumphant fluttering on the passing winds.
In fear, the shepherd on the lonely heath
Tended his scanty flock ; the ploughman turn'd,
In fear, his hasty furrow : oft the din
Of hostile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
Of plunder'd towns through night's thick gloom
from far
Gleam'd dismal on the sight : till Alfred came,
Till Alfred, father of his people, came,
Lea's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
And left aground the Danian fleet, and forced
The foe to speedy flight⁵. Then Freedom's voice

⁴ In the beginning of the Heptarchy, the town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the East Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council, or national synod, was held, Sept. 24th, 673. *Chauncy's Hertfordshire*, p. 237.

⁵ Towards the latter end of the year 879, the Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and erected two forts at Hertford on the Lea, for the security of their ships, which they had brought up that river. Here they were attacked by the Londoners, who were repulsed. But Alfred advancing with his army, and viewing the nature of their situation, turned

Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
Sat musing, and from smooth Italian strains
The soft Guarini's amorous lore transfused
Into rude British verse. The warrior's arm
Now rests from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue
In silence lies; frail man his loved domains
Soon quits for ever! they themselves, by course
Of Nature often, or caprice of Art,
Experience change: e'en here, 'tis said, of old
Steep rocky cliffs rose where yon gentle slopes
Mix with the vale; and fluctuating waves
Spread wide where that rich vale with golden
flowers

Shines, and where yonder winding crystal rill
Slides through its smooth shorn margin, to the brink
Of Chadwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's pool
To London's plains the Cambrian artist brought
His ample aqueduct⁹; supposed a work
Of matchless skill, by those who ne'er had heard
How from Preneste's heights and Anio's banks,
By Tivoli, to Rome's imperial walls
On marble arches came the limpid store,
And out of jasper rocks in bright cascades
With never ceasing murmur gush'd; or how,
To Lusitanian Ulysippo's towers¹⁰,
The silver current o'er Alcantara's vale
Roll'd high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
Eridanus to roll through heaven: to these
Not sordid lucre, but the honest wish
Of future fame, or care for public weal,
Existence gave; and unconfined, as dew

⁹ The New River, brought from Chadwell, a spring in the meadows between Hertford and Ware, by Sir Hugh Middleton, a native of Wales.

¹⁰ The ancient name of Lisbon.

Falls from the hand of Evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary stream,
No grandeur boasting, here obscurely glides
O'er grassy lawns or under willow shades.
As, through the human form, arterial tubes
Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating sanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled streets [while,
Transmit the purchased wave. Old Lea, mean-
Beneath his mossy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, surveys
With eye indignant his diminish'd tide ¹¹,
That laves yon ancient priory's wall ¹², and shows
In its clear mirror Ware's inverted roofs.

Ware once was known to fame; to her fair fields
Whilom the gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming
maids:

Pleased with ideas of the past, the Muse
Bids Fancy's pencil paint the scene, where they
In gilded barges on the glassy stream
Circled the reedy isles, the sportive dance
Along the smooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd conversing, or reclined at ease
To harmony of lutes and voices sweet
Resign'd the' enchanted ear; till, sudden heard,
The silver trumpet's animating sound
Summon'd the champions forth, on stately steeds,

¹¹ A considerable part of the New River water is derived from the Lea, to the disadvantage of the navigation on that stream.

¹² 'About the 18th of Henry III. Margaret, Countess of Leicester, and Lady of the Manor, founded a priory for friars in the north part of this town of Ware, and dedicated the same to St. Francis.' *Chauncy's Hertfordshire*.

In splendid armour clad, the ponderous lance
With strenuous hand sustaining, forth they came.

Where gay pavilions rose upon the plain,
Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to tree,
Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic sky
Of grateful shade (as oft in Agra's streets
The silken canopy from side to side
Extends to break the sun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs pass beneath), there sat the Fair,
A glittering train on costly carpets ranged,
A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The pensive languish, and the sprightly air,
The' engaging smile, and all the nameless charms
Which transient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy
Waked in the' expressive eye, the' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero roused to daring deeds.
Nor this aught strange, that those whom love in-
spired

Proved every means the lovely sex to please :
This strange, indeed, how custom thus could teach
The tender breast complacence in the sight
Of barbarous sport, where friend from hand of
The fatal wound full oft received, and fell [friend
A victim to false glory; as that day
Fell gallant Pembroke, while his pompous show
Ended in silent gloom¹³. One pitying tear

¹³ In the 25th of Henry III. on the 27th of June, Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, a potent peer of the realm, proclaimed here [at Ware] a disport of running on horseback with lances, which was then called a tournament.' *Chauncy's Hist. of Hertfordshire*.

'At this tournament, the said Gilbert was slain by a fall from his horse; Robert de Say, one of his knights, was killed, and several others wounded. *Smollett's Hist. of England*.

To human frailty paid, my roving sight
Pursues its pleasing course o'er neighbouring
hills,

Where frequent hedgerows intersect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's mount
With that fair crescent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculiar boast: and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep sequester'd vale
Of Langley¹⁴, down whose flower-embroider'd
meads

Swift Ash through pebbly shores meandering rolls,
Elysian scene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whose wanderings trace thy winding length, ap-
No mark, save one white, solitary spire [pears
At distance rising through the tufted trees—
Elysian scene! recluse as that so famed
For solitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff
Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclined
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt—Elysian scene!
At evening often, while the setting sun
On the green summit of thy eastern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice

¹⁴ This delightful retreat, commonly called Langley Bottom, is situated about half a mile from Ware, and the same distance from Amwell. The scene is adapted to contemplation, and possesses such capabilities of improvement that the genius of a Shenstone might easily convert it to a second Leasowes. The transition from this solitude to Widbury Hill is made in a walk of a few minutes, and the prospect from that hill, in a fine evening, is beautiful beyond description.

Of zephyr whispering midst the rustling leaves,
The sound of water murmuring through the sedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and music soft
Of distant bells, whose ever varying notes
In slow, sad measure moved, combined to sooth
The soul to sweet solemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickest gloom,
Much on the 'imperfect state of man I have mused:
How Pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthless extends; how Pleasure from the path
Of Innocence allures his steps; how Hope
Directs his eye to distant Joy, that flies
His fond pursuit; how Fear his shuddering heart
Alarms with fancied ill; how Doubt and Care
Perplex his thought; how soon the tender rose
Of Beauty fades, the sturdy oak of Strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern Time triumphant stands. From general fate
To private woes then oft has memory pass'd,
And mourn'd the loss of many a friend beloved;
Of thee, De Horne¹⁵, kind, generous, wise, and
good!

And thee, my Turner¹⁶, who in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompanied my walk!
From Ware's green bowers to Devon's myrtle vales,
Removed awhile, with prospect opening fair
Of useful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath

¹⁵ Mr. John De Horne, brother to the poet's second wife.

¹⁶ Mr. John Turner of Ware, the author's youthful friend. He became pastor of a dissenting congregation at Lymptone in Devonshire, and afterwards joint conductor of an academy at Exeter.

Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds¹⁷, new anguish waked.

When melancholy thus has changed to grief,
That grief in soft forgetfulness to lose,
I have left the gloom for gayer scenes, and sought,
Through winding paths of venerable shade,
The airy brow where that tall spreading beech
O'ertops surrounding groves, up rocky steeps,
Tree over tree disposed; or stretching far
Their shadowy coverts down the' indented side
Of fair corn fields: or pierced with sunny glades,
That yield the casual glimpse of flowery meads
And shining silver rills; on these the eye
Then wont to' expatiate pleased; or more remote
Survey'd yon vale of Lea, in verdant length
Of level lawn spread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glittering spires that rise
In misty air on Thames's crowded shores.

How beautiful, how various is the view
Of these sweet, pastoral landscapes! fair, perhaps,
As those renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel seen; or those, the pride of Greece,
Tempè or Arcady; or those that graced
The banks of clear Elorus, or the skirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's isle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard
The Muse's lofty lay.—How beautiful,
How various is yon view! delicious hills
Bounding smooth vales, smooth vales by winding
streams

Divided, that here glide through grassy banks
In open sun, there wander under shade

¹⁷ See Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

Of aspen tall, or ancient elm, whose boughs
O'erhang gray castles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy shepherd swains.
Delightful habitations! with the song
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland pastures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the rushy mead, and mingled sounds
Of falling waters and of whispering winds—
Delightful habitations! o'er the land
Dispersed around, from Waltham's osier'd isles
To where bleak Nasing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleasant groves
And Hunsdon's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodsdon's airy street;
From Haly's woodland to the flowery meads
Of willow-shaded Stansted, and the slope
Of Amwell's Mount, that crown'd with yellow corn
There from the green flat, softly swelling, shows
Like some bright vernal cloud by zephyr's breath
Just raised above the' horizon's azure bound.

As one long travel'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, still his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleased eye, which o'er the prospect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene!
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch
Rise mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tower, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where slow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts

Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
 The slender group of airy elm, the clump
 Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
 Entwined; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
 The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
 The haystack's dusky cone, the moss-grown shed,
 The clay-built barn; the elder-shaded cot,
 Whose whitewash'd gable prominent through
 green

Of waving branches shows, perchance inscribed
 With some past owner's name, or rudely graced
 With rustic dial, that scarcely serves to mark
 Time's ceaseless flight; the wall with mantling
 vines

[wreath'd,
 O'erspread, the porch with climbing woodbine
 And under sheltering eaves the sunny bench
 Where brown hives range, whose busy tenants fill,
 With drowsy hum, the little garden gay, [flowers,
 Whence blooming beans, and spicy herbs, and
 Exhale around a rich perfume! Here rests
 The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
 By Summer's hand unharness'd, here the steed,
 Short ease enjoying, crops the daisied lawn;
 Here bleats the nursling lamb, the heifer there
 Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
 Where the neat alehouse stands (so once stood
 Deserted Auburn! in immortal song [thine,
 Consign'd to fame¹⁸), the cottage sire recounts
 The praise he earn'd, when cross the field he drew
 The straightest furrow, or neatest built the rick,
 Or led the reaper-band in sultry noons
 With unabating strength, or won the prize .
 At many a crowded wake. Beside her door,

¹⁸ See the *Deserted Village*, by Dr. Goldsmith.

The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
 And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
 Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
 Of clamorous, hungry fowls; or, o'er the stile
 Leaning with downcast look, the artless tale
 Of evening courtship hears. The sportive troop
 Of cottage children on the grassy waste
 Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
 Circle from hand to hand; or rustic notes
 Wake on their pipes of jointed reed: while
 near,

The careful shepherd's frequent falling strokes
 Fix on the fallow lea his hurdled fold.

Such rural life! so calm, it little yields
 Of interesting act, to swell the page
 Of history or song; yet much the soul
 Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
 From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
 The Muse's sons have fled to find repose.
 Famed Walton¹⁹, erst, the' ingenious fisher
 swain,

Oft our fair haunts explored; upon Lea's shore,
 Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
 His sport suspending to admire their charms.
 He, who in verse his Country's story told²⁰,

¹⁹ Isaac Walton, author of 'The Complete Angler,' an ingenious biographer, and no despicable poet. The scene of his Anglers' Dialogues is the Vale of Lea, between Tottenham and Ware; it seems to have been a place he much frequented: he particularly mentions Amwell Hill.

²⁰ William Warner, author of Albion's England, an Historical Poem; an episode of which, entitled 'Argentile and Caran,' has been frequently reprinted, and is much admired by the lovers of old English poetry. The ingenious Dr. Percy,

Here dwelt awhile; perchance here sketch'd the scene,

Where his fair Argentile, from crowded courts
For pride self-banished, in sequester'd shades
Sojourn'd disguised, and met the slighted youth
Who long had sought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by Fame forgotten; (fickle Fame
Too oft forgets her favourites!) By his side

who has inserted this piece in his Collection, observes, that though Warner's name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age; that 'Warner was said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated at Magdalen Hall; that, in the latter part of his life, he was retained in the service of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem; but that more of his history is not known. Mrs. Cooper, in her *Muses' Library*, after highly applauding his poetry, adds, 'What were the circumstances and accidents of his life, we have hardly light enough to conjecture; any more than, by his dedication, it appears he was in the service of Lord Hunsdon, and acknowledges very gratefully both father and son for his patrons and benefactors.' By the following extract from the parish register of Amwell, it may be reasonably concluded, that Warner resided for some time at that village; and, as his profession of an attorney is particularly mentioned, it is pretty evident, that, whatever dependence he might have on Lord Hunsdon, it could not be in the capacity of a menial servant. Though Warner's merit, as a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconsiderable; his *Argentile* and *Curan* has many beauties; but it has also the faults common to the compositions of his age, especially a most disgusting indelicacy of sentiment and expression.

'Ma. William Warner, a man of good yeares and honest reputation, by his profession an attorney at the Common Please, author of Albion's England; dying soddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night beeing the 9th of March, was buried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of Gwalter Fader.'

Sleeps gentle Hassal²¹, who with tenderest care
 Here watch'd his village charge; in nuptial bonds
 Their hands oft join'd: oft heard and oft relieved
 Their little wants; oft heard and oft composed,
 Sole arbiter, their little broils; oft urged
 Their flight from folly and from vice; and oft
 Dropp'd on their graves the tear, to early worth
 Or ancient friendship due. In dangerous days,
 When Death's fell Fury, pale-eyed Pestilence,
 Glared horror round, his duty he discharged
 Unterrified, unhurt; and here, at length,
 Closed his calm, inoffensive, useful life
 In venerable age: her life with him
 His faithful consort closed; on earth's cold breast

²¹ Thomas Hassal, vicar of Amwell; he kept the above-mentioned parish register with uncommon care and precision, enriching it with many entertaining anecdotes of the parties registered. He performed his duty in the most hazardous circumstances; it appearing that the plague twice raged in the village during his residence there; in 1603 when twenty-six persons, and in 1625, when twenty-two persons died of it, and were buried in his churchyard. The character here given of him must be allowed, strictly speaking, to be imaginary; but his composition in the said register appeared to me to breathe such a spirit of piety, simplicity, and benevolence that I almost think myself authorized to assert that it was his real one. He himself is registered by his son Edmund Hassal, as follows:

' Thomas Hassal, vicar of this parish, where he had continued resident 57 years 7 months and 16 days, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, departed this life September 24th, Thursday, and was buried September 26th, Saturday. His body was laid in the chancel of this church, under the priests or marble stone. *Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec erit post te similis.* EDMUND HASSAL.'

Register of Amwell, 1657.

Elizabeth Hassal, wife of the said Thomas Hassal, died about the same time, aged seventy-eight years and eight months; married forty-six years and four months.

Both sunk to rest together.—On the turf,
Whence time's rude grasp has torn their rustic
tombs,

I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's pause
Of solemn thought; then seek the' adjacent spot,
From which, through these broad lindens' verdant
The steeple's gothic wall and window dim [arch,
In perspective appear; then homeward turn
By where the Muse, enamour'd of our shades,
Deigns still her favouring presence; where my
friend,

The British Tasso²², oft from busy scenes
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.

As some fond lover leaves his favourite nymph,
Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging: on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top [steep,
Half veil'd with trees, that, from the' acclivious
Jut like the pendent gardens, famed of old,
Beside Euphrates' bank; then on the left,
Down to those shaded cots, and bright expanse
Of water softly sliding by: once, where
That bright expanse of water softly slides,
O'erhung with shrubs that fringed the chalky rock,
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma named; perhaps some sainted maid,
For holy life revered; to such, erewhile,
Fond Superstition many a pleasant grove
And limpid spring was wont to consecrate.
Of Emma's story nought Tradition speaks;
Conjecture, who, behind Oblivion's veil,

²² Mr. Hoole, translator of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Received its appellation ²³.—Thou, sweet Vill,
Farewell! and ye, sweet fields, where Plenty's
horn

Pours liberal boons, and Health propitious deigns
Her cheering smile! you not the parching air
Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens, annoy! Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,
Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay
Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
Its generous produce: annual ye resound
The ploughman's song, as he through reeking soil
Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
Of cheerful gleaners:—and the' alternate strokes
Of loud flails, echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid Morn in dark November wake.
But happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for these, or aught
Beside, wish I, in hyperbolic strains
Of vain applause, to elevate your fame
Above all other scenes; for scenes as fair
Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view.
You, through all seasons, in each varied hour
For observation happiest, oft my steps

²³ In Doomsday book, this village of Amwell is written Emmevelle, perhaps originally Emma's well. When the New River was opened there was a spring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other source of that river, evidently received its denomination from the tutelary saint, St. Chad, who seems to have given name to springs and wells in different parts of England.

Have traversed o'er: oft Fancy's eye has seen
 Gay Spring trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
 To wake fresh flowers at morn; and Summer
 spread

His listless limbs, at noontide, on the marge
 Of smooth translucent pools, where willows green
 Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
 Brought odour exquisite; oft Fancy's ear,
 Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
 The last sad sigh of Autumn, when his throne
 To winter he resign'd: oft Fancy's thought,
 In ecstasy, where from the golden east,
 Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the Sun
 A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
 Some Paradise has form'd, the blissful seat
 Of Innocence and Beauty! while I wish'd
 The skill of Claude, or Rubens, or of him
 Whom now on Lavant's banks, in groves that
 breathe

Enthusiasm sublime, the sister-nymphs²⁴
 Inspire²⁵; that, to the' idea fair, my hand
 Might permanence have lent!—Attachment strong
 Springs from delight bestow'd: to me delight
 Long ye have given, and I have given you praise!

²⁴ Painting and Poetry.

²⁵ Mr. George Smith, of Chichester, a justly celebrated landscape painter, and also a poet. Lavant is the name of the river at Chichester, which city gave birth to the sublime Collins.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

At *secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,*
Dives opum *variarum* ; at *latis otia fundis,*
Speluncæ, vivique lacus ; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Illic saltus, ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque assueta juvenus,
Sacra deum, sanotique patres : extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

VIRG. Georg. II. 467.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE most rational definition of pastoral poetry seems to be that of the learned and ingenious Dr. Johnson, in the 37th number of his Rambler. ‘ Pastoral (says he) being the representation of an action or passion, by its effects on a country life, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases to be pastoral.’ This theory the author of the following Eclogues has endeavoured to exemplify.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

THERON;

OR,

THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

SCENE—A HEATH.

Season—SPRING ; Time—MORNING.

FAIR Spring o'er Nature held her gentlest sway ;
Fair Morn diffused around her brightest ray ;
Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied
hue :

There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclosed,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interposed ;
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May lilies richest odour shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear ;
There shrill the lark and soft the linnet sung,
And loud through air the throstle's music rung.
The gentle swain the cheerful scene admired ;
The cheerful scene the song of joy inspired :—
' Chant on (he cried), ye warblers on the spray !
Bleat on, ye flocks that in the pastures play !

Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
Murmur, ye rills! and whisper soft, ye gales!
How bless'd my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd
Where peace and leisure sooth the tuneful mind;
Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
Of unperverted Nature's golden reign,
When Love and Virtue ranged Arcadian shades,
With undesigning youths and artless maids!
For us, though destined to a later time,
A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime,
For us the country boasts enough to charm,
In the wild woodland or the cultured farm.
Come, Cynthio, come! in town no longer stay;
From crowds, and noise, and folly haste away!
The fields, the meads, the trees are all in bloom,
The vernal showers awake a rich perfume.
Where Damon's mansion, by the glassy stream,
Rears its white walls that through green willows
gleam,
Annual the neighbours hold their shearing day;
And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array:
Those shear their sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's shade;
These for their friends the' expected feast provide,
Beneath cool bowers along the' enclosure's side.
To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
Thy Delia, my Melania shall be there;
Each kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
Come, Cynthio, come! If towns and crowds invite,
And noise and folly promise high delight;
Soon the tired soul disgusted turns from these—
The rural prospect only long can please!

PALEMON;

OR,

BENEVOLENCE.

SCENE—A WOODSIDE ON THE BROW OF A HILL.

Season—SUMMER ; Time—FORENOON.

BRIGHT fleecy clouds flew scattering o'er the sky,
And shorten'd shadows show'd that noon was
nigh ;

When two young shepherds, in the upland shade,
Their listless limbs upon the greensward laid.
Surrounding groves the wandering sight confined—
[shined.

All, save where, westward, one wide landscape
Down in the dale were neat enclosures seen,
The winding hedgerow, and the thicket green ;
Rich marshland next a glossy level show'd,
And through gray willows silver rivers flow'd :
Beyond, high hills with towers and villas crown'd,
And waving forests form'd the prospect's bound.
Sweet was the covert where the swains reclined !
There spread the wild rose, there the woodbine
twined ; [ground,

There stood green fern ; there, o'er the grassy
Sweet camomile and alehoof crept around ;
And centaury red, and yellow cinquefoil grew,
And scarlet campion, and cyanus blue ;
And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
And ruddy strawberries yielding rich perfume.
Gay flies their wings on each fair flower display'd,
And labouring bees a lulling murmur made.

Along the brow a path delightful lay;
 Slow by the youths Palemon chanced to stray,
 A bard, who often to the rural throng
 At vacant hours rehearsed the moral song!
 The song the shepherds craved; the sage replied—
 ‘As late my steps forsook the fountain side,
 Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
 Their flocks young Pironel and Larvon drove;
 With us perchance they’ll rest a while.’—The

swains

[plains:

Approach’d the shade; their sheep spread o’er the
 Silent they view’d the venerable man,
 Whose voice melodious thus the lay began—
 ‘What Alcon sung where Evesham’s vales extend
 I sing; ye swains, your pleased attention lend!
 There long with him the rural life I led,
 His fields I cultured, and his flocks I fed.
 Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
 Stood pleasant cots with trees dispersed between,
 Beside his door, as waving o’er his head
 A lofty elm its rustling foliage spread,
 Frequent he sat; while all the village train
 Press’d round his seat and listen’d to his strain.
 And once of fair Benevolence he sung,
 And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue—
 “Ye youth of Avon’s banks, of Bredon’s groves,
 Sweet scenes, where Plenty reigns and Pleasure
 roves,

Woo to your bowers Benevolencé the fair,
 Kind as your soil, and gentle as your air.
 She comes! her tranquil step and placid eye
 Fierce Rage, fell Hate, and ruthless Avarice fly.
 She comes! her heavenly smiles, with powerful
 charm, [arm.
 Smooth Care’s rough brow, and rest Toil’s weary

She comes! ye shepherds, importune her stay!
 While your fair farms exuberant wealth display,
 While herds and flocks their annual increase yield,
 And yellow harvests load the fruitful field;
 Beneath grim Want's inexorable reign,
 Pale Sickness oft and feeble Age complain!
 Why this unlike allotment, save to show
 That who possess, possess but to bestow?"

Palemon ceased.—'Sweet is the sound of gales
 Amid green osiers in the winding vales;
 Sweet is the lark's loud note on sunny hills,
 What time fair morn the sky with fragrance fills;
 Sweet is the nightingale's love-soothing strain,
 Heard by still waters on the moonlight plain!
 But not the gales that through green osiers play,
 Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
 Please like smooth numbers by the Muse in-
 spired!—

Larvon replied, and homeward all retired.

ARMYN;

OR,

THE DISCONTENTED.

SCENE—A VALLEY.

Season—SUMMER; Time—AFTERNOON.

SUMMER o'er heaven diffused serenest blue,
 And painted earth with many a pleasing hue;
 When Ardyn mused the vacant hour away,
 Where willows o'er him waved their pendent spray.
 Cool was the shade, and cool the passing gale,
 And sweet the prospect of the adjacent vale:
 The fertile soil, profuse of plants, bestow'd
 The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple show'd,

And spiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
And meadsweet tall with tufts of flowerets crown'd,
And comfry white, and hoary silver weed,
The bending osier, and the rustling reed.

There, where clear streams about green islands
spread,

Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of Armysn, fed ;
There, on the hill's soft slope, delightful view !

Fair fields of corn, the wealth of Armysn, grew.

His sturdy hinds, a slow laborious band,

Swept their bright scythes along the level land :

Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them
pass'd,

And the thick swarth in careless wind-rows cast,

Full on the landscape shone the westering sun,

When thus the swain's soliloquy begun—

‘Haste down, O Sun ! and close the tedious day :
Time to the' unhappy slowly moves away.

Not so to me in Roden's silvan bowers,

Pass'd youth's short blissful reign of careless
hours ;

When to my view the fancied future lay,

A region ever tranquil, ever gay.

O then, what ardours did my breast inflame !

What thoughts were mine, of friendship, love,
and fame !

How tasteless life, now all its joys are tried,

And warm pursuits in dull repose subside !’

He paused : his closing words Albino heard

As down the stream his little boat he steer'd ;

His hand released the sail, and dropp'd the oar,

And moor'd the light skiff on the sedgy shore.

‘Cease, gentle swain (he said), no more, in vain,

Thus make past pleasure cause of present pain !

Cease, gentle swain (he said), from thee alone
Are youth's bless'd hours and fancied prospects
flown?

Ah, no!—remembrance to my view restores
Dear native fields, which now my soul deplores;
Rich hills and vales, and pleasant village scenes
Of oaks whose wide arms stretch'd o'er daisied
greens,

And windmill sails slow circling in the breeze,
And cottage walls enveloped half with trees—
Sweet scenes, where beauty met the ravish'd sight,
And music often gave the ear delight;
Where Delia's smile, and Mira's tuneful song,
And Damon's converse charm'd the youthful
throng! [plains

How changed, alas, how changed!—O'er all our
Proud Norval now in lonely grandeur reigns;
His wide-spread park a waste of verdure lies,
And his vast villa's glittering roofs arise.

For me, hard fate!—But say, shall I complain?
These limbs, yet active, life's support obtain.

Let us, or good or evil as we share,
That thankful prize, and this with patience bear.
The soft reproach touch'd Armyn's gentle breast;
His alter'd brow a placid smile express'd:—

'Calm as clear evenings after vernal rains,
When all the air a rich perfume retains,
My mind (said he), its murmurs driven away,
Feels Truth's full force, and bows to Reason's
sway!'

He ceased: the sun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains and the glittering streams.
Slow down the tide before the sinking breeze,
Albino's white sail gleam'd among the trees;

Slow down the tide his winding course he bore
To watery Talgar's aspen-shaded shore.
Slow cross the valley, to the southern hill,
The steps of Armyn sought the distant vill,
Where through tall elms the moss-grown turret
rose ;
And his fair mansion offer'd sweet repose.

LYCORON;

OR,

THE UNHAPPY.

SCENE—A VALLEY.

Season—AUTUMN; Time—EVENING.

THE matron, Autumn, held her sober reign
O'er fading foliage on the russet plain :
Mild evening came ; the moon began to rise,
And spread pale lustre o'er unclouded skies.
'Twas silence all—save where along the road
The slow wain grating bore its cumbrous load ;
Save where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And screaming herons sought their watery prey—
When hapless Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his soft sorrows on the passing gale :
 ' That grace of shape, that elegance of air,
That blooming face so exquisitely fair ;
That eye of brightness bright as morning's ray,
That smile of softness soft as closing day,
Which bound my soul to thee ; all, all are fled—
All lost in dreary mansions of the dead !
E'en him whom distance from his love divides,
Toil'd on scorch'd sands, or toss'd on rolling tides,

Kind Hope still cheers, still paints, to sooth his pain,
The happy moment when they meet again.
Far worse my lot ! of hope bereft, I mourn !—
The parted spirit never can return !

Thus Damon spoke, as in the cypress gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his Delia's tomb.
In the still valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle shepherds chanced his voice to hear :
Lycoron's head Time's hand had silver'd o'er,
And Milo's cheek youth's rosy blushes bore.

' How mournful (said Lycoron) flows that strain !
It brings past miseries to my mind again.
When the blithe Village, on the vernal green,
Sees its fair daughters in the dance convene ;
And youth's light step in search of pleasure strays,
And his fond eyes on beauty fix their gaze ;
Shouldst thou then, lingering midst the lovely train,
Wish some young charmer's easy heart to gain,
Mark well, that Reason Love's pursuit approve,
Ere thy soft arts her tender passions move :
Else, though thy thoughts in summer regions range,
Calm sunny climes that seem to fear no change ;
Rude winter's rage will soon the scene deform,
Dark with thick cloud, and rough with battering
storm !

When parents interdict, and friends dissuade,
The prudent censure, and the proud upbraid ;
Think ! all their efforts then shalt thou disdain,
Thy faith, thy constancy, unmoved, maintain !
To Isca's fields me once ill fortune led ;
In Isca's fields her flocks Zelinda fed :
There oft, when Evening, on the silent plain,
Commenced with sweet serenity her reign,

Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
The fair one listen'd to my tender tales;
Then when her mind or doubt or fear distress'd,
And doubt or fear her anxious eyes express'd;
' O, no! (said I) let oxen quit the mead,
With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,
And larks pursue the falcon through the sky;
Streams cease to flow, and winds to stir the lake,
If I unfaithful ever thee forsake!—

What my tongue utter'd then my heart believed;
O, wretched heart, self flatter'd and deceived!
Fell Slander's arts the virgin's fame accused;
And whom my love had chose my pride refused.
For me that cheek did tears of grief distain?
To me that voice in anguish plead in vain?
What fiend relentless then my soul possess'd?
Oblivion hide! for ever hide the rest!
Too well her innocence and truth were proved;
Too late my pity and my justice moved!

He ceased, with groans that more than words
express'd;

And smote in agony his aged breast.

His friend replied not; but, with soothing strains
Of solemn music, sought to ease his pains:
Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
From cowslip meads or linden boughs in bloom.
Peace o'er their minds a calm composure cast;
And slowly down the shadowy vale in pensive
mood they pass'd.

AMŒBÆAN ECLOGUES.

Advertisement.

MUCH of the rural imagery which our country affords has already been introduced in poetry: but many obvious and pleasing appearances seem to have totally escaped notice. To describe these is the business of the following Eclogues. The plan of the *Carmen Amœbæum*, or Responsive Verse of the ancients, inconsistent as it may be deemed with modern manners, was preferred on this occasion, as admitting an arbitrary and desultory disposition of ideas, where it was found difficult to preserve a regular connexion.

RURAL SCENERY;

OR,

THE DESCRIBERS.

DECEMBER'S frost had bound the fields and
streams,
And Noon's bright sun effused its cheerful beams;
Where woodland, northward, screen'd a pleasant
plain,
And on dry fern banks browsed the fleecy train,
Two gentle youths, whom rural scenes could
please,
Both skill'd to frame the tuneful rhyme with ease,
Charm'd with the prospect, slowly stray'd along,
Themselves amusing with alternate song.

FIRST.

These pollard oaks their tawny leaves retain,
These hardy hornbeams yet unstripp'd remain;
The wintry groves all else admit the view
Through naked stems of many a varied hue.

SECOND.

Yon shrubby slopes a pleasing mixture show;
There the rough elm and smooth white privet grow,
Straight shoots of ash with bark of glossy gray,
Red cornel twigs, and maple's russet spray.

FIRST.

These stony steeps with spreading moss abound,
Gray on the trees, and green upon the ground;
With tangling brambles ivy interweaves,
And bright mezerion¹ spreads its clustering leaves.

SECOND.

Old oaken stubs tough saplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plashes yield the knotty thorn;
The swain for different uses these avail,
And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

¹ Mezerion, *Laureola Sempervirens*: *vulg.* Spurge Laurel. This beautiful little evergreen is frequent among our woods and coppices. Its smooth shining leaves are placed on the top of the stems in circular tufts or clusters. Its flowers are small, of a light green, and perfume the air at a distance in an agreeable manner. It blows very early in mild seasons and warm situations. The common deciduous Mezerion, frequently planted in gardens, though very different in appearance, is another species of this genus.

FIRST.

Where yon brown hazels pendent catkins bear,
 And prickly furze unfolds its blossoms fair,
 The vagrant artist oft at ease reclines, [bines.
 And broom's green shoots in besoms neat com-

SECOND.

See, down the hill, along the ample glade,
 The new-fallen wood in even ranges laid!
 There his keen bill the busy workman plies,
 And bids in heaps his well bound faggots rise.

FIRST.

Soon shall kind Spring her flowery gifts bestow,
 On sunny banks when silver snowdrops blow:
 And tufts of primrose all around are spread,
 And purple violets all their fragrance shed.

SECOND.

The woods then white anemones array,
 And lofty sallows their sweet bloom display;
 And spicy hyacinths azure bells unfold,
 And crowfoot clothes the mead with shining gold.

FIRST.

Then soon gay Summer brings his gaudy train,
 His crimson poppies deck the corn-clad plain;
 There scabious blue², and purple knapweed³ rise,
 And weld⁴ and yarrow show their various dyes.

² Scabious: *Scabiosa Vulgaris*.

³ Knapweed: *Jacea Vulgaris*.

⁴ Weld: *Luteola Vulgaris*, or Dyers' Weed.—These plants, with many others not inferior in beauty, are frequent on the balks, or ridges, which separate different kinds of corn in our common fields.

SECOND.

In shady lanes red foxglove bells appear,
 And golden spikes the downy mulleins rear⁵;
 The' enclosure ditch luxuriant mallows hide,
 And branchy succory crowds the pathway side.

FIRST.

The' autumnal fields few pleasing plants supply,
 Save where pale eyebright grows in pastures dry,
 Or vervain blue, for magic rites renown'd,
 And in the village precincts only found⁶.

SECOND.

The' autumnal hedges withering leaves embrown,
 Save where wild climbers spread their silvery
 down⁷,
 And rugged blackthorns bend with purple sloes,
 And the green skewerwood seeds of scarlet shows⁸.

FIRST.

When healthful salads crown the board in spring,
 And nymphs green parsley from the gardens bring,

⁵ The *Digitalis*, or Foxglove, is a very beautiful plant; there are several varieties of it which are honoured with a place in our gardens. The Mullein is not inferior in beauty, consequently merits equal notice.

⁶ It is a vulgar opinion, that Vervain never grows in any place more than a quarter of a mile distant from a house.—Vide Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, article *Verbena*.

⁷ Wild Climbers: *Clematis Viorna*, or Traveller's Joy. The white downy seeds of this plant make a very conspicuous figure on our hedges in autumn.

⁸ Skewerwood: *Evonymus*; or, Spindle-tree. The twigs of this shrub are of a fine green; the capsules, or seed-vessels, of a fine purple; and the seeds of a rich scarlet. In autumn, when the capsules open and show the seeds, the plant has a most beautiful appearance.

Mark well lest hemlock mix its poisonous leaves—
Their semblance oft the' incautious eye deceives.

SECOND.

Warn, O ye shepherds! warn the youth who play
On hamlet wastes, beside the public way;
There oft rank soils pernicious plants produce,
There nightshade's berry swells with deadly juice.

FIRST.

What varied scenes this pleasant country yields,
Form'd by the' arrangement fair of woods and fields!
On a green hillock, by the shady road,
My dwelling stands—a sweet recluse abode!
And o'er my darken'd casement intertwine
The fragrant briar, the woodbine, and the vine.

SECOND.

How different scenes our different tastes delight!
Some seek the hills, and some the vales invite.
Where o'er the brook's moist margin hazels meet,
Stands my lone home—a pleasant, cool retreat!
Gay loosestrife there, and pale valerian spring⁹,
And tuneful reed-birds midst the sedges sing.

FIRST.

Before my door the box-edged border lies,
Where flowers of mint, and thyme, and tansy rise;
Along my wall the yellow stonecrop grows,
And the red houseleek on my brown thatch blows.

⁹ Loosestrife: *Lysimachia Latea* *Vulgaris*. Dr. Hill observes, that it is so beautiful a plant, in its erect stature, regular growth, and elegant flowers, that it is every way worthy to be taken into our gardens. It is frequent in moist places. The flowers are of a bright gold colour.

SECOND.

Among green osiers winds my stream away,
Where the blue halcyon skims from spray to spray,
Where waves the bulrush as the waters glide,
And yellow flag-flowers deck the sunny side.

FIRST.

Spread o'er the slope of yon steep western hill,
My fruitful orchard shelters all the vill;
There pear-trees tall their tops aspiring show,
And apple-boughs their branches mix below.

SECOND.

East from my cottage stretch delightful meads,
Where rows of willows rise, and banks of reeds;
There roll clear rivers; there, old elms between,
The mill's white roof and circling wheels are seen.

FIRST.

Palemon's garden hawthorn hedges bound,
With flowers of white, or fruit of crimson, crown'd,
There vernal lilacs show their purple bloom,
And sweet syringas all the air perfume;
The fruitful mulberry spreads its umbrage cool,
And the rough quince o'erhangs the little pool.

SECOND.

Albino's fence green currants hide from view,
With bunches hung of red or amber hue;
Beside his arbour blows the jasmine fair,
And scarlet beans their gaudy blossoms bear;
The lofty hollyhock there its spike displays,
And the broad sunflower shows its golden rays..

FIRST.

Where moss-grown pales a sunny spot enclosed,
And pinks and lilies all their hues exposed,
Beneath a porch, with mantling vines inwreath'd,
The morning breeze the charming Sylvia breathed :
Not pink nor lily with her face could vie,
And O, how soft the languish of her eye!
I saw and loved; but loved, alas, in vain!
She check'd my passion with severe disdain.

SECOND.

When o'er the meads with vernal verdure gay
The village children wont at eve to stray,
I pluck'd fresh flowerets from the grassy ground,
And their green stalks with bending rushes bound;
My wreaths, my nosegays then my Delia dress'd,
Crown'd her fair brow, or bloom'd upon her breast.
Young as I was, the pleasing thought was mine,
One day, fond boy, that beauty will be thine!

FIRST.

Beside his gate, beneath the lofty tree,
Old Thyriss' well known seat I vacant see;
There while his prattling offspring round him
play'd,
He oft to please them toys of osiers made:
That seat his weight shall never more sustain,
That offspring round him ne'er shall sport again.

SECOND.

Yon lone church tower that overlooks the hills!—
The sight my soul full oft with sorrow fills:
There Damon lies;—in prime of youth he died!—
A ford unknown by night he venturous tried:

In vain he struggled with the foaming wave :
No friendly arm, alas, was near to save !

FIRST..

Cease, friend ! and, homeward as we bend our way,
Remark the beauties of the closing day ;
See, towards the west the reddening Sun declines,
And o'er the fields his level lustre shines.

SECOND.

How that bright landscape lures the eye to gaze,
Where with his beams the distant windows blaze !
And the gilt vane, high on the steeple spire,
Glows in the air—a dazzling spot of fire !

FIRST.

Behind you hill he now forsakes our sight ;
And yon tall beeches catch his latest light ;
The hamlet smokes in amber wreaths arise ;
White mist, like water, on the valley lies.

SECOND.

Where yon chalk cliffs the' horizon eastward
bound,
And spreading elms the ancient hall surround,
The moon's bright orb arises from the main,
And Night in silence holds her solemn reign.

RURAL BUSINESS ;

OR,

THE AGRICULTURISTS.

MAY's liberal hand her fragrant bloom disclosed,
And herds and flocks on grassy banks reposed ;
Soft Evening gave to ease the tranquil hour,
And Philomel's wild warblings fill'd the bower.

Where near the village rose the elm-crown'd hill,
And white-leaved aspens trembled o'er the rill,
Three rural Bards, the village youth among,
The pleasing lore of rural business sung.

FIRST.

The care of farms we sing—attend the strain—
What skill, what toil shall best procure you gain;
How different culture different ground requires;
While Wealth rewards whom Industry inspires.

SECOND.

When thy light land on scorching gravel lies,
And to the springing blade support denies;
Fix on the wintry tilth the frequent fold,
And mend with cooling marl or untried mould.

THIRD.

If thy strong loam superfluous wet retain,
Lead through thy fields the subterraneous drain,
And o'er the surface mellowing stores expand
Of fiery lime or incoherent sand.

FIRST.

In vacant corners, on the hamlet waste,
The ample dunghill's steaming heap be placed;
There many a month fermenting to remain,
Ere thy slow team disperse it o'er the plain.

SECOND.

The prudent farmer all manure provides,
The mire of roads, the mould of hedge-row sides;
For him their mud the stagnant ponds supply;
For him their soil, the stable and the sty.

THIRD.

For this the swain, on Kennet's winding shore,
Digs sulphurous peat along the sable moor:
For this, where Ocean bounds the stormy strand,
They fetch dank seaweed to the neighbouring land.

FIRST.

Who barren heaths to tillage means to turn,
Must, ere he plough, the greensward pare and burn;
Where rise the smoking hillocks o'er the field,
The saline ashes useful compost yield.

SECOND.

Where sedge or rushes rise on spongy soils,
Or rampant moss the' impoverish'd herbage spoils,
Corrosive soot with liberal hand bestow;
The' improving pasture soon its use will show.

THIRD.

Hertfordian swains on airy hills explore
The chalk's white vein, a fertilizing store:
This, from deep pits in copious baskets drawn,
Amends alike the arable and lawn.

FIRST.

Who spends too oft in indolence the day
Soon sees his farm his base neglect betray;
His useless hedge-greens docks and nettles bear,
And the tough cammock clogs his shining share¹.

SECOND.

Thy weedy fallows let the plough pervade,
Till on the top the' inverted roots are laid:

¹ Cammock; Ononis, or Restharrow. The roots of this troublesome plant are so strong that, it is credibly asserted, they will stop a plough drawn by several horses.

There left to wither in the noontide ray,
Or by the spiky harrow clear'd away.

THIRD.

When wheat's green stem the ridge begins to hide,
Let the sharp weedhook's frequent aid be tried,
Lest thy spoil'd crop at harvest thou bemoan,
With twitch and twining bindweed overgrown.

FIRST.

Much will rank melilot thy grain disgrace,
And darnel, fellest of the weedy race:
To' extirpate these, might care or cost avail,
To' extirpate these nor care nor cost should fail.

SECOND.

When the foul furrow fetid mayweed fills,
The weary reaper oft complains of ills;
As his keen sickle grides along the lands,
The acrid herbage oft corrodes his hands.

THIRD.

Wield oft thy scythe along the grassy layes,
Ere the rude thistle its light down displays;
Else that light down upon the breeze will fly,
And a new store of noxious plants supply.

FIRST.

Would ye from tillage ample gains receive,
With change of crops the' exhausted soil relieve;
Next purple clover let brown wheat be seen,
And bearded barley after turnips green.

SECOND.

Bid here dark peas or tangled vetches spread,
There buckwheat's white flower faintly tinged
with red;

Bid here potatoes' deep green stems be born,
And yellow cole the' enclosure there adorn.

THIRD.

Here let tall rye or fragrant beans ascend,
Or oats their ample panicles extend ;
There rest thy glebe, left fallow not in vain,
To feel the summer's sun and winter's rain.

FIRST.

The skill'd in culture oft repay their toil
By choice of plants adapted to their soil ;
The spiky saintfoin best on chalk succeeds,
The lucern hates cold clays and moory meads.

SECOND.

Best on loose sands, where brakes and briars
once rose,
Its deep-fringed leaves the yellow carrot shows ;
Best on stiff loam rough teasels² rear their heads,
And brown coriander's odorous umbel spreads.

THIRD.

On barren mountains, bleak with chilly air,
Forbidding pasturage or the ploughman's care,
Laburnum's boughs a beauteous bloom disclose,
Or spiry pines a gloomy grove compose.

FIRST.

On rushy marshes, rank with watery weeds,
Clothe the clear'd soil with groves of waving reeds ;
Of them the gardener annual fences forms,
To shield his tender plants from vernal storms.

² Teasel: *Dipsacus Sativus*. This plant is cultivated, in many places, for the use of the woollen manufacture. There are large fields of it in Essex ; where the Coriander is also grown.

SECOND.

Cantabrian hills the purple saffron show;
Blue fields of flax in Lincoln's fenland blow;
On Kent's rich plains green hop-grounds scent
the gales;
And apple-groves deck Hereford's golden vales³.

THIRD.

Shelter'd by woods the weald of Sussex lies;
Her smooth green downs sublime from Ocean rise:
That fittest soil supplies for growth of grain;
These yield best pasture for the fleecy train.

FIRST.

Say, friends! whoe'er his residence might choose,
Would these sweet scenes of silvan shade refuse,
And seek the black waste of the barren wold,
That yields no shelter from the heat or cold?

SECOND.

Dull are slow Ousa's mist-exhaling plains,
Where long, rank grass the morning dew retains:
Who pastures there in Autumn's humid reign,
His flock from sickness hopes to save in vain.

THIRD.

The bleak, flat, sedgy shores of Essex shun,
Where fog perpetual veils the winter sun;
Though flattering Fortune there invite thy stay,
Thy health the purchase of her smiles must pay.

FIRST.

When, harvest past, thy ricks of yellow corn
Rise round the yard, and scent the breeze of morn,
Rude Winter's rage with timely care to' avert,
Let the skill'd thatcher ply his useful art.

³ There is a part of Herefordshire, from its extraordinary fertility and pleasantness, usually denominated 'The Golden Vale.'

SECOND.

When thy ripe walnuts deck the glossy spray,
Ere pilfering rooks purloin them fast away,
Wield thy tough pole, and lash the trees amain,
Till leaves and husks the lawn beneath distain.

THIRD.

When thy green orchards fraught with fruit appear,
Thy lofty ladder midst the boughs uprear;
Thy basket's hook upon the branch suspend,
And with the fragrant burden oft descend.

FIRST.

Spread on the grass, or piled in heaps, behold
The pearmain's red, the pippin's speckled gold;
There shall the russet's auburn rind be seen,
The redstreak's stripes, and nonpareil's bright
green.

SECOND.

These on dry straw, in airy chambers, lay,
Where windows clear admit the noontide ray;
They, safe from frosts, thy table shall supply,
Fresh to the taste, and pleasing to the eye.

THIRD.

When favouring seasons yield thee store to spare,
The circling mill and cumbrous press prepare;
From copious vats, the well fermented juice
Will sparkling beverage for thy board produce.

FIRST.

From red to black when bramble berries change,
And boys for nuts the hazel copses range.
On new reap'd fields the thick strong stubble mow,
And safe in stacks about thy homestead stow.

SECOND.

With purple fruit when elder branches bend,
And their bright hues the hips and cornels blend,
Ere yet chill hoar-frost comes, or sleety rain,
Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain.

THIRD.

When clamorous fieldfares seek the frozen mead,
And lurking snipes by gurgling runnels feed ;
Then midst dry fodder let thy herds be found,
Where sheltering sheds the well stored crib surround.

FIRST.

Though Winter reigns, our labours never fail :
Then all day long we hear the sounding flail ;
And oft the beetle's strenuous stroke descends,
That knotty blockwood into billets rends.

SECOND.

Then in the barns in motion oft are seen
The rustling corn fan, and the wiry screen :
In sacks the tasker measures up his grain,
And loads for market on the spacious wain.

THIRD.

The' enclosure fence then claims our timely care,
The ditch to deepen, and the bank repair ; [fine,
The well plash'd hedge with frequent stakes con-
And o'er its top tough withes of hazel twine.

FIRST.

Where in the croft the russet hayrick stands,
The dexterous binder twists his sedgy bands,
Across the stack his sharp-edged engine guides,
And the hard mass in many a truss divides⁴.

⁴ Hay is usually cut with an oblong triangular instrument, called a cutting knife.

SECOND.

When frost thy turnips fixes in the ground,
And hungry flocks for food stand bleating round,
Let sturdy youths their pointed peckers ply,
Till the raised roots loose on the surface lie.

THIRD.

When stormy days constrain to quit the field,
The house or barn may useful business yield ;
There crooked snaths⁵ of flexile sallow make,
Or of tough ash the fork-stale and the rake.

FIRST.

Full many a chance defeats the farmer's pains,
Full many a loss diminishes his gains ;
Wet spoils the seed, or frosts its growth o'erpower,
Beasts break the stalk, and birds the grain devour.

SECOND.

While plenteous crops reward thy toil and care,
Thy liberal aid may Age and Sickness share !
Nor let the widow'd cottager deplore
Her fireless hearth, her cupboard's scanty store.

THIRD.

The haughty lord, whom lust of gain inspires,
From man and beast excessive toil requires :
The generous master views with pitying eyes
Their lot severe, and food and rest supplies.

FIRST.

Amid Achaia's streamy vales of old,
Of works and days the' Ascrean Pastor told :
Around him, curious, came the rustic throng,
And wondering listen'd to the' informing song.

⁵ Snath is the technical term for the handle of a soythe.

SECOND.

Where famed Anapus' limpid waters stray,
Sicilia's poet tuned his Doric lay :
While o'er his head the pine's dark foliage hung,
And at his feet the bubbling fountain sprung.

THIRD.

The Latian Maro sung, where Mincio's stream
Through groves of ilex cast a silvery gleam ;
While down green valleys stray'd his fleecy flocks,
Or slept in shadow of the mossy rocks.

FIRST.

Fair fame to him, the bard whose song displays
Of rural arts the knowledge and the praise !
Rich as the field with ripen'd harvest white—
A scene of profit mingled with delight !

SECOND.

As dewy cherries to the taste in June,
As shady lanes to travellers at noon,
To me so welcome is the shepherd's strain !
To kindred spirits never sung in vain :

THIRD.

While lindens sweet and spiky chesnuts blow,
While beech bears mast, on oaks while acorns
grow ;
So long shall last the Shepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And please in every age and every clime !

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

Advertisement.

THE Oriental Eclogues of Collins have such excellence that it may be supposed they must preclude the appearance of any subsequent work with the same title. This consideration did not escape the author of the following poems; but, as the scenery and sentiment of his predecessor were totally different from his own, he thought it matter of little consequence.

This kind of composition is, in general, subject to one disadvantage, for which allowance should be made. He who describes what he has seen may describe correctly; he who describes what he has not seen must depend for much on the accounts of others, and supply the rest from his own imagination.

Z E R A D;

OR,

THE ABSENT LOVER.

An Arabian Eclogue¹.

KORASA's tribe, a frequent wandering train
From Zenan's pastures sought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids !

¹ The learned and ingenious Sir William Jones, in his elegant and judicious Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, speaking of the Arabians, has the following passage: ' It sometimes happens (says he), that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship. Hence, almost all the Arabic poems open in this manner:—The author

Her parting hand her fair companions press'd ;
 A transient sorrow touch'd each tender breast ;
 As some thin cloud across the morning ray
 Casts one short moment's gloom, and glides away :
 Their cares their sports, they hasted soon to tend,
 And lost in them the memory of their friend.

But gallant Zerad ill her absence bore.—
 A wealthy emir from Katara's shore ;
 A warrior he, the bravest of his race ;
 A bard high honour'd in his native place ;
 Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
 And listening Beauty languish'd while he sung.
 What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
 Oft with the Fair One he was wont to stray ;
 There oft for her fresh fruits and flowers he sought,
 And oft her flocks to crystal fountains brought.

Where the tall palm-grove graced Alzobah's
 green,
 And sable tents in many a rank were seen² ;
 While Evening's steps the setting Sun pursued,
 And the still fields her balmy tears bedew'd ;

bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty ; comparing her to a wanton fawn that plays among the aromatic shrubs. His friends endeavour to comfort him ; but he refuses consolation ; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions.—The author of the following Eclogue was struck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleasing subjects of love and beauty, when nothing is said to offend the ear of chastity, he supposes needless. If any, however, there be, who question the utility of at all describing those subjects, such may remember, that there is an eastern poem, generally esteemed sacred, which abounds with the most ardent expressions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

² The Arabian tents are black. Vide Canticles i. 5.

The pensive Lover, there reclined apart,
 Indulged the sorrows of his anxious heart.
 His graceful head the costly turban dress'd;
 The crimson sash confined his azure vest;
 His hand the sounding arabe³ sustain'd;
 And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
 Soft as the night-bird's amorous music flows,
 In Zibet's gardens, when she woos the rose⁴:

‘ Bright star of Sora's sky, whose matchless
 blaze

Gilds thy proud tribe with mild, benignant rays!
 Sweet flower of Azem's vale, whose matchless
 bloom

O'er thy famed house spreads exquisite perfume!
 Blithe fawn of Kosa, at the break of dawn,
 Midst groves of cassia, sporting on the lawn!
 Too charming beauty! why must I bemoan
 Thee from my presence thus abruptly flown?
 Ere the shrill trump to march the signal gave,
 And banners high in air began to wave;
 Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,
 And herds and flocks slow moved along the road;
 Ere slow behind them march'd the warrior train,
 And the struck tents left vacant all the plain;
 Could no fond plea obtain a longer stay?
 Would no kind hand the' intelligence convey?
 Ah, hapless me! to Aden's port I stray'd,
 Sought gold and gems, but lost my lovely maid!
 ‘ My friends, they come my sorrows to allay—
 Azor the wise, and Soliman the gay—

³ Arabebbab, an Arabian and Moorish instrument of music.
Vide Shaw's Travels, and Russel's History of Aleppo.

⁴ Alluding to an Eastern fable of the nightingale courting
 the rose.

One cries, " Let Reason hold her sober reign,
Nor Love's light trifles give thy bosom pain !
For thee kind Science all her lore displays,
And Fame awaits thee with the wreath of praise."
" O, why (cries one) is she alone thy care ?
She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair :
Negima's eyes with dazzling lustre shine,
And her black tresses curl like Zebid's vine ;
On Hinda's brow Kushemon's lily blows,
And on her cheek unfolds Nishapor's rose !
With them, the tale, the song, the dance shall
please,

When Mirth's free banquet fills the bower of ease."
Ah, cease (said I), of love he little knows,
Who with sage counsel hopes to cure its woes !
Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings stay,
Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey :
Kind Science' lore with Beauty best we share,
And Beauty's hands Fame's fairest wreaths pre-
I praise Negima's lovely hair and eyes ; [pare.
Nor Hinda's lily nor her rose despise :
But Omman's pearls diffuse a brighter beam
Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's stream. —

' O loved Semira ! whither dost thou rove ?
Tread thy soft steps by Sada's jasmine grove ?
Dost thou thy flocks on Ocah's mountain keep ?
Do Ared's olives whisper o'er thy sleep ?—
Ah, no !—the maid, perhaps, remote from these,
Some hostile troop, in ambush laid, may seize :
Too lovely captive ! she, in triumph borne,
The proud Pacha's throng'd haram shall adorn.
Vain fear ! around her march her valiant friends ;
Brave Omar's hand the bow of Ishmael bends ;
Strong Hassan's arm Kaaba's spear can wield,
And rear on high El-makin's ponderous shield !

Ah, shame to me! shall Sloth's dishonouring chain
 From love, from glory Zerad here detain,
 Till grief my cheek with sickly saffron spread,
 And my eyes, weeping, match the' Argavan's
 red? [grace,
 Haste, bring my steed, supreme in strength and
 First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase;
 His sire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,
 His beauteous dam in Derar's pastures fed:
 Bring my strong lance that, ne'er impell'd in vain,
 Pierced the fierce tiger on Hegesa's plain.
 Across the desert I her steps pursue;
 Toil at my side, and danger in my view!
 There Thirst, fell demon! haunts the sultry air,
 And his wild eyeballs roll with horrid glare;
 There deadly Samiel⁶, striding o'er the land,
 Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning sand;
 As winds the weary caravan along,
 The fiery storm involves the hapless throng.
 I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed;
 The faithful lover Safety's hand shall lead.
 The heart that fosters Virtue's generous flames,
 Our Holy Prophet's sure protection claims.
 ' Delightful Irem' (midst the lonely waste
 By Shedad's hand the paradise was placed)

⁵ D'Herbelot informs us, that saffron faces, and Argavan eyes, are expressions commonly used in the East, to describe passionate lovers, whose melancholy appears in their countenances, and whose eyes become red with weeping. The Argavan is supposed to be the Arbor Judæ; whose blossoms are of a bright purple. *Vide Harmer's Commentary on Solomon's Song*, p. 162.

⁶ **Samiel: the fiery blasting wind of the desert.**

⁷ 'Mahommed, in his Alcoran, in the chapter of the Morn-
ing, mentions a garden, called Irem, which is no less cele-

Each shady tree of varied foliage shows,
And every flower and every fruit bestows;
There drop rich gums of every high perfume;
There sing sweet birds of every gaudy plume;
There soft eyed Houries tread the enamel'd
green—

Once, and no more, the happy seat was seen;
As his stray'd camel midst the wild he sought,
Chance to the spot the wandering Esar brought:
A blissful Irem, midst the desert drear,
Semira's tent my lovesick sight shall cheer.

‘What palm of beauty towers on Keran's hills?
What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
'Tis she who left so late her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
Give to my view thy veil of silk and gold;
O, lift that veil! thy radiant eyes display—
Those radiant eyes shall light me on my way!
On Hejar's wild rocks from the Persian main,
Thus the Moon, rising, lights the wilder'd swain.
O, raise thy voice! the sound shall give delight,
Like songs of pilgrims distant heard by night!
I come, I come!—He spoke, and seized the rein,
And his fleet courser spurn'd the sandy plain.

brated by the Asiatic poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the commentators say, by a king named Shedad; and was once seen by an Arabian, who wandered far into the desert, in search of a lost camel.’

Jones's Essay on Oriental Poetry.

SERIM;

OR,

THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE.

An East Indian Eclogue¹.

‘O, GUARDIAN Genius of this sacred wave²!
 O save thy sons, if thine the power to save!’
 So Serim spoke, as sad on Ganges’ shore
 He sat, his country’s miseries to deplore—
 ‘O guardian Genius of this sacred wave!
 O, save thy sons, if thine the power to save!’

¹ The following account of British conduct and its consequences, in Bengal and the adjacent provinces, some years ago, will afford a sufficient idea of the subject of the following Eclogue. After describing the monopoly of salt, beetle-nut, and tobacco, the historian thus proceeds: ‘Money, in this current, came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace.—The natives could live with little salt, but not without food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the precepts of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be, between giving what they had, and dying. The inhabitants sunk; they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt; scarcity ensued; then the monopoly was easier managed. The people took to roots, and food they had been unaccustomed to eat. Sickness ensued. In some districts, the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.’ *Short History of English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

The above quotation sufficiently proves, that the general plan of the following poem is founded on fact. And, even with regard to its particular incidents, there can be little doubt, but that, among the varied miseries of millions, every picture of distress, which the author has drawn, had its original.

² The Hindoos worship a god, or genius, of the Ganges.

From Agra's towers to Muxadabat's³ walls,
 On thee for aid the suffering Hindoo calls:
 Europe's fell race control the wide domain,
 Engross the harvest, and enslave the swain.
 Why rise these cumbrous piles along thy tide?
 They hold the plenty to our prayers denied!
 Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
 Where Want, in anguish, craves relief in vain.
 "Bring gold, bring gems (the' insatiate plun-
 dérers cry); [die."
 Who hoards his wealth by hunger's rage shall
 Ye Fiends! ye have ravish'd all our little store;
 Ye see we perish, yet ye ask for more!
 Go ye yourselves, and search for gold the mine;
 Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean shine!
 What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
 No ships of ours e'er sought your western strand:
 Ne'er from your fields we snatch'd their crops away,
 Nor made your daughters or your sons our prey.
 Not e'en in thought we quit our native place—
 A calm, contented, inoffensive race!
 By Avarice led, ye range remotest climes,
 And every nation execrates your crimes.

'When Timur's House⁴, renown'd, in Delhi
 Distress assistance unimplored obtain'd: [reign'd,

³ Muxadabat, or Morshedabat, a large city of India about two hundred miles above Calcutta. The name is commonly pronounced with the accent on the last syllable: Muxadabàt. I have taken the liberty to accommodate this, and some few other words, to my verse, by altering the accentuation; a matter, I apprehend, of little consequence to the English reader.

⁴ The famous Mahometan tyrant, Aurengzebe, during a famine which prevailed in different parts of India, exerted himself to alleviate the distress of his subjects. 'He remitted the taxes that were due; he employed those already collected in the purchase of corn, which was distributed among the

When Famine o'er the' afflicted region frown'd,
 And sickness languish'd on the barren ground,
 The' imperial granaries wide display'd their doors,
 And ships provision brought from distant shores;
 The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
 From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming sails.
 But ye!—e'en now, while favouring seasons smile,
 And the rich glebe would recompense our toil,
 Dearth and Disease to you alone we owe;
 Ye cause the mischief, and enjoy the woe!

‘ This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty
 bless'd!

What days of pleasure, and what nights of rest!
 From Gola's streets, famed mart of fragrant grain!
 Trade's cheerful voice resounded o'er the plain;
 There now sad Silence listens to the waves
 That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
 Sweet were the songs o'er Jumal's level borne,
 While busy thousands throng'd to plant the corn;
 Now tenfold tax the farmer forced to yield,
 Despairs, and leaves unoccupied the field. [grove,
 Sweet were the songs of Burdwan's mulberry
 While the rich silk the rapid shuttle wove;
 Now from the loom our costly vestments torn,
 The' insulting robbers meanest slaves adorn.
 In Malda's shades, on Purna's palmy plain,
 The hapless artists, urged to toil in vain,
 Quit their sad homes, and mourn along the land,
 A pensive, pallid, self-disabled band⁵!—

poorer sort. He even expended immense sums out of the treasury, in conveying grain by land and water, into the interior provinces, from Bengal, and the countries which lie on the five branches of the Indus.' *Dow's Indostan*, vol. iii. p. 340.

⁵ ‘Those who now made the things the English most wanted were pressed on all sides by their own necessities, their

‘The year revolves—“Bring choicest fruits
and flowers!
Spread wide the board in consecrated bowers;
Bring Joy, bring Sport; the song, the dance pre-
pare, [share!”
’Tis Drugah’s Feast’, and all our friends must
The year revolves—nor fruits nor flowers are seen;
Nor festive board in bowers of holy green;
Nor Joy, nor Sport, nor dance, nor tuneful strain:
’Tis Drugah’s feast—but Grief and Terror reign.
Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome guests ye came,
And talk’d of Honour’s laws and Friendship’s
flame.

‘The year revolves—and Bishen’s Fast’ invites
On Ganges’ marge to pay the solemn rites;
All boons of Bishen, great preserver, crave;
All, in the sacred flood, their bodies lave:

neighbours, and the agents employed to procure the Company’s investments, as the goods sent to Europe are called. These importunities were united, and urged so much, so often, and in such ways, as to produce, among the people in the silk business, instances of their cutting off their thumbs, that the want of them might excuse them from following their trade, and the inconveniences to which they were exposed beyond the common lot of their neighbours.’

History of English Transactions in the East Indies.

⁶ Drugah; a Hindoo Goddess. ‘Drugah Poojah is the grand general feast of the Gentoos, usually visited by all Europeans (by invitation), who are treated by the proprietors of the feast with the fruits and flowers in season, and are entertained every evening with bands of singers and dancers.’

Vide Holwell’s Indostan, vol. ii.

⁷ Bishen, Bistnoo, or Jaggernaut, is one of the principal Hindoo deities. ‘This fast, dedicated to him, is called the Sinan Jattrā, or general washing in the Gaggēs; and it is almost incredible to think the immense multitude, of every age and sex, that appears on both sides the river, throughout its whole course, at one and the same time.’

Vide Holwell, vol. ii. p. 124, 128.

No more, alas!—the multitude no more
 Bathe in the tide, or kneel upon the shore;
 No more from towns and villages they throng,
 Wide o'er the fields, the public paths along:
 Sad on our ways, by human foot unworn,
 Stalks the dim form of Solitude forlorn!—
 From Ava's mountains Morn's bright eyes survey
 Fair Ganges' streams in many a winding stray:
 There fleecy flocks on many an island feed:
 There herds unnumber'd pasture many a mead;
 (While noxious herbs our last resource supply,
 And, dearth escaping, by disease we die)
 "Take these (ye cry), nor more for food complain;
 Take these, and slay like us, and riot on the slain!"
 Ah, no! our law the crime abhorr'd withstands;
 We die—but blood shall ne'er pollute our hands.
 O guardian Genius of this sacred wave!
 Save, save thy sons, if thine the power to save!"

So Serim spoke—while by the moon's pale beam,
 The frequent corse came floating down the stream*,
 He sigh'd, and rising turn'd his steps to rove
 Where waved o'er Nizim's vale the cocoa grove;
 There, midst scorch'd ruins, one lone roof re-
 main'd,

And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
 The sound of feet he near his threshold heard;
 Slow from the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
 'Come, tyrant, come! perform a generous part,
 Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!
 Comest thou for gold? my gold, alas, I gave,
 My darling daughter in distress to save!

* The Hindoos frequently cast the bodies of their deceased into the Ganges; with the idea, I suppose, of committing them to the disposal of the god, or genius, of the river.

Thy faithless brethren took the shining store,
 Then from my arms the trembling virgin tore !
 Three days, three nights, I've languish'd here alone,
 Three foodless days, three nights to sleep unknown !
 Come, tyrant, come ! perform a generous part,
 Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart !

‘ No hostile steps the haunt of Woe invade,’
 Serim replied—and, passing where the glade
 A length of prospect down the vale display'd,
 Another sight of misery met his view ;
 Another mournful voice his notice drew !
 There, near a temple's recent ruin, stood
 A white-robed Bramin, by the sacred flood :
 His wives, his children dead beside him lay—
 Of hunger these, and those of grief the prey !
 Thrice he with dust defiled his aged head ;
 Thrice o'er the stream his hands uplifted spread :

‘ Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in
 prayer !
 Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air !
 'Tis not for them, though lifeless there they lie ;
 'Tis not for me, though innocent I die ;—
 My country's breast the tiger, Avarice, rends,
 And loud to you her parting groan ascends.
 Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in prayer !
 Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air !
 Hear, and avenge !——

‘ But hark ! what voice, from yonder starry
 sphere,
 Slides, like the breeze of evening, o'er my ear ?
 Lo, Birmah's⁹ form ! on amber clouds enthroned ;
 His azure robe with lucid emerald zoned ;

⁹ Birmah is a principal deity of the Hindoos, in whose person they worship the divine attribute of Wisdom. From the

He looks celestial dignity and grace,
And views with pity wretched human race!

“ Forbear, rash man; nor curse thy country’s
foes ;

Frail man to man forgiveness ever owes.
When Moiasoor¹⁰ the Fell to Earth’s fair plain
Brought his detested offspring, Strife and Pain;
Revenge with them, relentless Fury, came,
Her bosom burning with infernal flame!
Her hair sheds horror, like the comet’s blaze;
Her eyes, all ghastly, blast where’er they gaze;
Her lifted arm a poison’d crice¹¹ sustains;
Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins!
Who asks her aid, must own her endless reign,
Feel her keen scourge, and drag her galling chain!”

‘The strains sublime in sweetest music close,
And all the tumult of my soul compose.
Yet you, ye’ oppressors! uninvoked on you¹²,
Your steps the steps of Justice will pursue!
Go, spread your white sails on the azure main;
Fraught with our spoils, your native land regain;
Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
And on green hills the pompous palace stand:

best accounts we have of India, the intelligent part of the natives do not worship ‘stocks and stones,’ merely as such; but rather the Supreme Existence, in a variety of attributes or manifestations.

¹⁰ Moiasoor: the Hindoo Author of Evil, similar to our Satan.

¹¹ Crice, an Indian dagger.

¹² The reader must readily perceive the propriety of this turn of thought, in a poem designed to have a moral tendency. There is much difference between a person wishing evil to his enemy, and presaging that evil will be the consequence of that enemy’s crimes. The first is an immoral act of the will; the second a neutral act of the judgment.

Let Luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
Smooth the soft couch, and shed the rich perfume—
There Night's kind calm in vain shall sleep invite,
While fancied omens warn, and spectres fright;
Sad sounds shall issue from your guilty walls,
The widow'd wife's, the sonless mother's calls;
And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms shall rise,
And lift to you their supplicating eyes :
Remorse intolerable your hearts will feel,
And your own hands plunge deep the' avenging
steel ¹³ [dain,
(For Europe's cowards Heaven's command dis-
To Death's cold arms they fly for ease in vain).
For us, each painful transmigration o'er,
Sweet fields receive us to resign no more ;
Where Safety's fence for ever round us grows,
And Peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading blows ;
Light's sun unsetting shines with cheering beam ;
And Pleasure's river rolls its golden stream !'
Enrap'd he spoke—then ceased the lofty strain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the sound again.—
A British ruffian, near in ambush laid,
Rush'd sudden from the cane-isle's secret shade ;
' Go to thy gods !' with rage infernal cried,
And headlong plunged the hapless Sage into the
foaming tide.

¹³ The Hindoo religion strongly prohibits suicide. Mr. Holwell gives us the following passage from the Shastah : ' Whosoever, of the delinquent Debtah, shall dare to free himself from the mortal form wherewith I shall inclose him ; then, Sieb, shalt plunge him into the Onderah for ever : he shall not again have the benefit of the fifteen Boboons of purgation, probation, and purification.'

LI-PO;

OR,

THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

*A Chinese Eclogue*¹.

WHERE Honan's hills Kiansi's vale enclose,
 And Xifa's lake its glassy level shows,
 Li-po's fair island lay—delightful scene!—
 With swelling slopes, and groves of every green;
 On azure rocks his rich pavilion placed,
 Rear'd its light front with golden columns graced;
 High o'er the roof a weeping willow hung,
 And jasmine boughs the lattice twined among;
 In porcelain vases crested amaranth grew,
 And starry aster, crimson, white, and blue;
 Lien-hoa flowers upon the water spread;
 Bright shells and corals varied lustre shed;
 From sparry grottos crystal drops distill'd
 On sounding brass, and air with music fill'd;
 Soft through the bending canes the breezes play'd,
 The rustling leaves continual murmur made;
 Gay shoals of gold-fish glitter'd in the tide,
 And gaudy birds flew sportive by its side.
 The distant prospects well the sight might please,
 With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
 From craggy cliffs, between the verdant shades,
 The silver rills rush'd down in bright cascades;

¹ Those who are conversant in the best accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's History, must have remarked, that the Chinese government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild; and that a prince, in that country, can acquire no glory but by attention to the welfare of his subjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following poem.

O'er terraced steeps rich cotton harvests² waved,
 And smooth canals the rice-clad valley laved,
 Long rows of cypress³ parted all the land,
 And tall pagodas crown'd the river's strand!

'Twas here, from business and its pomp and
 The pensive master sought relief in vain. [pain,
 Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's sceptre sway'd,
 And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
 The morn's transactions to his memory came,
 And some he found to praise, and some to blame;
 Mark'd here how justice, pity there prevail'd,
 And how from haste or indolence he fail'd.

Beneath a bower of sweet Ka-fa, whose bloom
 Fill'd all the' adjacent lawn with rich perfume,
 His slaves at distance sat—a beauteous train!—
 One waked the lute, and one the vocal strain:
 They saw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
 And wish'd to ease the' anxiety he bore.
 Amusive tales their soothing lay disclosed
 Of heroes brave to perils strange exposed;
 Of tyrants proud, from power's high summit cast;
 And lovers, long desponding, bless'd at last.
 They ceased; the warblings softly died away,
 Like zephyrs ceasing at the close of day.
 'This scene (said he) how fair! to please the sight,
 How Nature's charms Art's ornaments unite!
 Those maids, what magic in the strains they sung!
 Song sweetliest flows from Beauty's tuneful tongue.

² The Chinese reduce the steep slopes of their hills into little terraces, on which they grow cotton, potatoes, &c. They plant the edges of their terraces with trees, which keep up the ground, and make a very fine appearance.

³ Their rice-grounds are separated by broad ditches, the sides of which are planted with cypresses.

Vide Osbeck's Voyage to China.

Yet say, did Tien bid power and wealth be mine;
For me my soul to pleasure to resign?

‘What boots that, annual, on our fathers’ tombs
We strew fair flowers and offer choice perfumes;
Our veneration of their memories shew,
And not their steps in Virtue’s path pursue?
When, from his province as the prince returns,
Rich feasts for him are spread, and incense burns,
And gilded barks unfold their streamers gay,
And following crowds their loud applauses pay;
Avails all this, if he from right has swerved,
And Conscience tells him all is undeserved?

‘Arise, Li-po! ’tis duty calls, arise!
The sun sinks reddening in Tartarian skies.
Yon walls that tower o’er Xensi’s neighbouring
Yon walls unnumber’d miseries contain. [plain,
Think, why did Tien superior rank impart,
Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
Last night, in sleep, to Fancy’s sight display’d
Lay lovelier scenes than e’er my eyes survey’d;
With purple shone the hills, with gold the vales,
And greenest foliage waved in gentlest gales:
Midst palmy fields, with sunshine ever bright,
A palace rear’d its walls of silvery white;
The gates of pearl a shady hall disclosed,
Where old Confucius’ reverend form reposed:
Loose o’er his limbs the silk’s light texture flow’d,
His eye serene etherial lustre show’d:—
“My son (said he, as near his seat I drew),
Cast round this wondrous spot thy dazzled view;
See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bowers,
The bless’d inhabitants consume their hours!
They ne’er to War, fell fiend! commission gave
To murder, ravage, banish, and enslave;

They ne'er bade Grandeur raise her gorgeous pile,
With tribute ravish'd from the hand of Toil;
But parents guardians of the people reign'd,
The weak defended, and the poor sustain'd."
Smiling he ceased—the vision seem'd to fly,
Like fleecy clouds dispersing in the sky.

' Arise, Li-po! and cast thy robes aside,
Disguise thy form, thy well known features hide;
Go forth yon streets, yon crowded streets pervade,
Mix with the throng, and mark who seeks thy aid;
There Avarice stern o'er Poverty bears sway,
And Age and Sickness fall his easy prey;
There hands that Justice' sacred ensigns bear,
Protect the plunderer, and the plunder share;
Perhaps there Discord's desperate rage prevails,
And Wisdom's voice to calm the tumult fails:
Perhaps Revenge gives victims to the grave,
Perhaps they perish, ere I haste to save!

He spoke, and rose; but now along the way
That from the city-gate fair-winding lay,
Stretch'd through green meads where lowing
cattle grazed,

Amid the lake's wide silver level raised,
Led up steep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclined,
Slow towards his palace came a suppliant train;—
Whoe'er his presence sought ne'er sought in vain—
The ready vessel, waiting at his call,
Received, and bore him to the audience hall.

O D E S'.



TO LEISURE'.



GENTLE Leisure, whom of yore
To Wealth the fair Contentment bore,
When Peace with them her dwelling made,
And Health her kind attendance paid ;

¹ The Horatian or lesser Ode is characterised principally by ease and correctness. The following little pieces attempted on that plan, were the production of very different periods, and, on revision, were thought not undeserving a place in this collection.

² The insertion of an earlier copy of this very pleasing Ode cannot be unacceptable, it is presumed, to poetical readers.

TO LEISURE. 1762.

INDULGENT Power! whom heretofore
To Wealth the blithe Contentment bore,
What time in tents on sunny plains
They dwelt with herds, and flocks, and swains ;
And Health ranged o'er the landscape fair,
And Peace and Poetry were there.

O favourite of the' untroubled mind!
O friend of all the studious kind!
For many a tranquil rural day,
For many a careless warbled lay,
To thee thy bard awakes this strain ;
And may it not be sung in vain!

How oft in yonder rustic tower
With thee I've pass'd the vernal hour,
When open'd wide a pleasing scene
Of corn-clad field and meadow green,

As wandering o'er the sunny plains
They fed their herds and fleecy trains:—
O thou! who country scenes and air
Preferr'st to courts, and crowds, and care;

And dusty road and winding rill,
And brown wood waving on the hill,
And spires that caught the morning beam,
And white sails gliding down the stream :
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed.

How oft in Summer's sultry reign,
When scorching suns imbrown'd the plain,
Where rough rocks form'd the prospect's bound,
And glossy aspens trembled round,
With thee I've linger'd in the cool,
On mossy bank beside the pool ;
Where through the limpid medium seen,
The bottom show'd a shining green :
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed.

How oft when Evening veil'd the sky,
And landscapes faded on the eye,
Have I with thee been wont to rove,
By hawthorn hedge or hazel grove :
Where heard among the rustling trees,
Sad Autumn's hollow voice could please,
And, rising slow, the moon's pale light
Gleam'd on the distant steeple's height :
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed.

O gentle Leisure! absent long,
I woo thee with this votive song ;
While, rushing from the stormy main,
Stern Winter desolates the plain ;
And o'er yon southern mountain's height,
The faint sun sheds a transient light ;

With thee I've often pass'd the day,
To thee I wake the grateful lay.

With thee on Chadwell's thymy brow³,
Beneath the hazel's bending bough,
I've sat to breathe the fragrance cool,
Exhaling from the glassy pool;
Where, through the' unsullied crystal seen,
The bottom show'd its shining green:
As, all attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed!

Thy presence deign where wealth displays
The sheltering room and cheerful blaze;
There to my view while history brings
The fall of states and fate of kings;
Or mournful tales of private life,
Of hapless love or horrid strife;
The faithful moralist shall show
That all is vanity below.

And should the Muse disclose once more
The wondrous scenes she show'd before,
When on my mind in vision shone
A land to vulgar thought unknown;
Beneath whose mild auspicious clime,
Bloom flowers that scorn the rage of time:
If there again 'tis mine to stray,
And bear some fragrant wreath away,
Design'd the beauteous brow to grace
Of Freedom, friend of human race!
Or she, our guide to virtue given,
Religion, progeny of Heaven!
Then noise and care be far away,
But thou, O Leisure! near me stay;
With thee and Solitude if bless'd,
Nought will I envy by the great possess'd.

³ Chadwell: the New River Head, near Ware.

With thee, on Mussla's⁴ corn-clad height
The landscape oft has charm'd my sight;
Delightful hills, and vales, and woods,
And dusty roads, and winding floods;
And towns, that through thin groups of shade
Their roofs of varied form display'd:
As, all attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed!

With thee, where Easna's⁵ hornbeam-grove
Its foliage o'er me interwove,
Along the lonely path I've stray'd,
By banks in hoary moss array'd;
Where tufts of azure orpine grew,
And branchy fern of brighter hue:
As, all attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed!

With thee, by Stansted's⁶ farms enclosed,
With aged elms in rows disposed;
Or where her chapel's walls appear,
The silver winding river near,
Beneath the broad-leaved sycamore,
I've linger'd on the shady shore:
As, all attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed!

⁴ Mussla : a hill on the north side of Ware.

⁵ Easna : a pleasant wood, east of Ware.

⁶ Stansted : a village in the same neighbourhood.

With thee, where Thames his waters leads
Round Poplar's Isle ⁷ of verdant meads,
Along the undulating tide
I've seen the white-sail'd vessels glide;
Or gazed on London's lofty towers,
Or Dulwich hills, or Greenwich bowers:
As, all attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure owed!

O gentle Leisure!—absent long—
I woo thee with this tuneful song:
If e'er, allured by grateful change,
O'er scenes yet unbeheld I range,
And Albion's east or western shore
For rural solitudes explore:
As, all attentive, these I view,
And many a pleasing thought pursue,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow,
To thee that pleasure I must owe!

THE EVENING WALK.

WHAT time fair Spring, with dewy hand,
Awakes her cowslip bloom;
And hawthorn boughs, by breezes fann'd,
Diffuse a rich perfume;

Young Theron down the valley stray'd
At evening's silent hour;
When bright the setting sunbeams play'd
On Hertford's distant tower.

⁷ Poplar's Isle, commonly called The Isle of Dogs, is opposite Greenwich.

He sigh'd, and cast around his eye
O'er all the pleasing scene ;
Now towards the golden-clouded sky,
Now on the fields of green.

' Thrice has fair Spring her cowslip bloom
Awaked with dewy hand ;
And hawthorn boughs diffused perfume,
By western breezes fann'd ;

' Since here, at evening's silent hour,
Delighted oft I stray'd ;
While bright on Hertford's distant tower
The setting sunbeams play'd :

' 'Twas then the flatterer Hope was near,
And sung this soothing strain :

" Where through the trees yon towers appear
Far o'er the level plain ;

" " There oft thy pleasant evening walk
Thy favourite maid shall join,
And all the charms of tender talk
And tuneful song be thine :

" " With thee she'll hear the bleat of flocks,
The throstle's mellow lay,
The rills that murmur o'er the rocks,
The whispers of the spray."

' So sung false Hope—Deceived I heard,
And set my heart at ease ;
The future then so fair appear'd
It made the present please.

' So sung false Hope—The' approaching years,
That distant look'd so gay,
With clouds of cares and storms of fears
All fraught, have pass'd away.

‘ As glides yon sun adown the sky,
As rolls yon rapid stream ;
So fast our joys and sorrows fly,
And, flown, appear a dream.

‘ Be then the’ events that Time has brought,
To me not brought in vain ;
By painful disappointment taught,
Let wisdom be my gain!’

Thus Theron spoke, and earnest eyed
The sun’s departing ray ;
Again he look’d, again he sigh’d,
And homeward bent his way.

TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from Memory’s ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain ;
Free from Fancy’s cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill ;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new ;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return !

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall ;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel’s dirty tide ;

Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

HEARING MUSIC.

YON organ! hark!—how soft, how sweet
The warbling notes in concert meet!

The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jasmine groves and crystal streams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines,
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
And, gravely deep and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the lovelorn damsel weeps,

I pitying seem to stray ;
Methinks I watch his cradle near ;
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er earth and all its care ;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs' responsive strains,
And in their raptures share.

A LANDSCAPE.

ON the eastern hill's steep side
Spreads the rural hamlet wide ;
Cross the vale, where willows rise,
Further still another lies ;
And, beneath a steeper hill,
Lies another further still :
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where Health and Labour rove !

Northward swelling slopes are seen,
Clad with cornfields neat and green ;
There, through grassy plains below,
Broad and smooth the waters flow ;
While the town, their banks along,
Bids its clustering houses throng,
In the sunshine glittering fair :
Haunts of Business, haunts of Care !

Westward o'er the yellow meads
Wind the rills through waving reeds ;
From dark elms a shadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls :

Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens stand:
Fair retreat! that well might please
Wealth, and Elegance, and Ease.

Hark! amidst the distant shades
Murmuring drop the deep cascades:
Hark! amidst the rustling trees
Softly sighs the gentle breeze:
And the' Eolian harp, reclined
Obvious to the stream of wind,
Pours its wildly warbled strain,
Rising now, now sunk again.

How the view detains the sight!
How the sounds the ear delight!—
Sweet the scene! but think not there
Happiness sincere to share:
Reason still regrets the day
Passing rapidly away;
Lessening Life's too little store;
Passing, to return no more!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL INTO THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT STANWAY-HALL, IN ESSEX.

WHATE'ER of lighter strain the Muse
Essay'd, in vacant hours of ease,
At thy expense to raise a smile,
I deem thy candour will excuse;
For sure I meant not to displease,
For sure I wish'd thee well the while¹.

¹ The author alludes to some trifling pieces of humour, written on his friend, for the amusement of a few intimate acquaintance.

And now the nuptial knot is tied,
That Muse no idle flattery brings,
Nor talks of joy unmix'd with care—
I trust that none who e'er has tried
The sober state of human things,
Will give thee hope such joy to share.

Domestic life must soon be thine—
'Tis various as an April day;
'Tis pleasure now, and now 'tis pain :
Through storms of foul and gleams of fine
Contented hold thy steady way,
And these enjoy, and those sustain.

From London's streets to solitude,
From brilliant shops to dirty fields,
From beaux and belles to rugged hinds—
The change I own is strange and rude :
Yet scarce a place so little yields,
But he who seeks amusement finds.

Perchance thou 'lt not disdain to hear
The ploughman's history of the plain ;
Thy sight the prospect's scenes may charm :
And sure fastidious is the ear
That slights the milkmaid's simple strain,
At evening echoing from the farm.

The market lore of artful swains ;
The price of cattle and of corn,
The sportsman's feats of dogs and guns ;—
To practise that will cost thee pains ;
And these with patience must be borne,
For he will be disliked who shuns.

Courage, my friend ! whate'er our fate ;
 So versatile the human mind,
 That oft, when novelty is o'er,
 To objects of our former hate
 Assimilated and resign'd,
 We wonder they displeased before.

'Twas on the festive, social day,
 Where Beauty cast her smiles around,
 And Mirth the mind from care relieved ;
 What time our hands in harmless play,
 Thy brow with wreaths of myrtle bound,
 My thoughts this grateful lay conceived.

From Stanway's groves, from fields of Layer²
 To other scenes and other friends
 To-morrow calls my steps away ;
 Yet Memory them in view shall bear ;
 Yet them the wish of health attends,
 And many a moment calm and gay.

WRITTEN IN WINTER³.

WHILE in the sky black clouds impend,
 And fogs arise, and rains descend,
 And one brown prospect opens round
 Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground ;

² Layer Breton : a village in Essex.

³ This was first entitled *An Ode to Fancy*, and ran thus :

While in the sky black clouds impend,
 And chill winds blow, and rains descend,
 And one brown prospect opens round
 Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground ;

Save where unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show ;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The scene disgusts the sight, depresses all the soul.

Yet worse what polar climates share—
Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare !—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,

Save here and there the' unmelted snow
Appears, some shrubby bank below ;
What pleasing views shall sooth the pensive mind,
That wont in rural scenes unenvied joys to find.
Whate'er the inclement clime denies,
Fancy, indulgent Power! supplies,
And wafts me o'er the' Atlantic main,
And lands on some delightful plain ;
Bright is the sun, and mild the breeze,
And bloom and verdure deck the trees,
And the lone Indian roams the forest wild,
With native freedom bless'd, by avarice undespoil'd :
Where midst high hills, with gloomy cedars crown'd,
Some smiling vale extends its round,
Of hended boughs his cottage made,
The broad palmeto's leaves o'ershade :
The little maize field waving near,
And climbing gourds with golden fruit appear,
And many a healthful herb and spicy floweret grow,
Beside the silver rills that down the green swamp flow.
I wish the' enchanting prospect here,
And blame our ever changing year,
Till Fancy seeks the polar coast,
The realm of night, and realm of frost,
Where on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter frowning sits, and o'er the plain
Sends Want and Horror forth, his desolating train.
And are there those who this sustain?
There are, and I no more complain—
And now, descried by Fancy's eye,
Fair Spring descends the southern sky ;

Stern Winter rears his giant form,
 His robe a mist, his voice a storm :
 His frown the shivering nations fly,
 And hid for half the year in smoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
 Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays ;
 Yet there the' heroic tale or song
 Can urge the lingering hours along ;
 Yet there their hands with timely care
 The kajak⁴ and the dart prepare,
 On summer seas to work their way, [prey.
 And wage the watery war, and make the seals their

Too delicate ! reproach no more
 The seasons of thy native shore—
 There soon shall Spring descend the sky,
 With smiling brow and placid eye ;
 A primrose-wreath surrounds her hair,
 Her green robe floats upon the air ;
 And, scatter'd from her liberal hand, [the land.
 Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flowers adorn

A primrose wreath surrounds her hair,
 Her green robe floats upon the air,
 She waves her wanton wings, and round her showers
 Soft dews and rich perfumes and variegated flowers.
 O Fancy ! thus thy ever active power
 Can cheer the solitary hour ;
 Be near me still, and to my mind
 Bring images of various kind ;
 But most, for those can most engage,
 The transcripts fair of Nature's pleasing page :
 And heed thee well, blithe dymph ! amid thy mingled train,
 That all be chaste and fair, and free from guilt and pain.

⁴ A Greenland fishing-boat.

TO A FRIEND.

WHERE Grove-hill¹ shows thy villa fair,
 But late, my Lettsom, there with thee
 'Twas mine the tranquil hour to share—
 The social hour of converse free:
 To mark the' arrangement of thy ground,
 And all the pleasing prospect round, [found.
 Where, while we gazed, new beauties still were

There, as the' impending cloud of smoke
 Fled various from the varying gale,
 Full on the view fresh objects broke
 Along the' extensive peopled vale,
 Beside Thamesis' bending stream,
 From ancient Lambeth's west extreme,
 To Limehouse glittering in the evening beam.

And now and then the glancing eye
 Caught glimpse of spots remoter still,
 On Hampstead's street-clad slope so high,
 Or Harrow's far conspicuous hill;
 Or eastward wander'd to explore
 All Peckham's pleasant level o'er,
 To busy Deptford's vessel-crowded shore :

Or sought that southern landscape's bound,
 Those swelling mounts—one smooth and green,
 And one with oaken coverts crown'd,
 And one where scattering trees are seen².
 'Twas these, with Summer's radiance bright,
 That gave my earliest youth delight,
 Of rural scenes the first that met my sight³.

¹ At Camberwell, in Surry.

² The Dulwich hills.

³ The author was born in the environs of London, on the Surry side.

That business, with fatiguing cares,
 For this delightful seat of thine
 Such scanty store of moments spares,
 Say, friend, shall I for thee repine?—
 Were it the commerce of the main,
 Or culture of the teeming plain,
 From blame or pity I should scarce refrain.

But O! to' alleviate human woes,
 To banish sickness, banish pain,
 To give the sleepless eye repose,
 The nerveless arm its strength again;
 From parent eyes to dry the tear,
 The wife's distressful thought to cheer,
 And end the husband's and the lover's fear;

Where Want sits pining, faint, and ill,
 To lend thy kind, unpurchased aid,
 And hear the' exertions of thy skill
 With many a grateful blessing paid—
 'Tis luxury to the feeling heart,
 Beyond what social hours impart, [Art!
 Or Nature's beauteous scenes, or curious works of

LEAVING BATH, 1776.

BATH! ere I quit thy pleasing scene,
 Thy beechen cliff I'll climb again,
 To view thy mountain's vivid green,
 To view thy hill-surrounded plain:
 To see distinct beneath the eye,
 As in a pictured prospect nigh,
 Those Attic structures shining white,
 That form thy sunny crescent's bend,
 Or by thy dusty streets extend,
 Or near thy winding river's site.

Did Commerce these proud piles upraise?
 For thee she ne'er unfurl'd her sails—
 Hygeia gave thy fountains praise,
 And Pain and Langour sought thy vales :
 But these sufficed an humble cell,
 If they with Strength and Ease might dwell.
 Then Fashion call'd; his potent voice
 Proud Wealth with ready step obey'd,
 And Pleasure all her arts essay'd,
 To fix with thee the fickle choice.

Precarious gift!—Thy mansions gay,
 Where Peers and Beauties lead the ball,
 Neglected, soon may feel decay;
 Forsaken, moulder to their fall.—

 Palmyra, once like thee renown'd,
 Now lies a ruin on the ground.—
 But still thy environs so fair,
 Thy waters' salutary aid
 Will surely always some persuade
 To render thee their care.

TO JOHN PAYNE, ESQ.

ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

O FRIEND! to thee, whose liberal mind
 Was form'd with taste for joys refined,
 For all the' extended country yields,
 Of azure skies and verdant fields;
 For all that Genius' hand displays,—
 The Painter's forms, the Poet's lays;
 To thee, restraint to that dull room,
 Where sunshine never breaks the gloom;

To thee, restraint to that dull lore
Of books with numbers cipher'd o'er—
How hard the lot! I see with pain,
And wish it oft exchanged in vain.

Yet not for thee I ask the stores
Which Rapine rends from foreign shores,
Nor those Oppression's power procures
From ills that Poverty endures.
Far happier thou! thy honest gain
Can life with decency sustain;
For thee, Content, with thought serene,
Surveys the present changeful scene;
And Piety her view sublime
Extends beyond the realm of Time.

TO A FRIEND,

Apprehensive of Declining Friendship.

Too much in man's imperfect state
Mistake produces useless pain.—
Methinks, of Friendship's frequent fate
I hear my Frogley's¹ voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends;
Where'er may Chance my steps dispose,
The absent oft my thought attends.

Deem not that Time's oblivious hand
From Memory's page has rased the days,
By Lea's green verge we wont to stand,
And on his crystal current gaze.

¹ Mr. Charles Frogley, of Ware, Herts; whose daughter Sarah was the author's first wife.

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with shade,
From Widbury's prospect yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the scenes we then survey'd,
While Fancy sought for sweeter still:

Then how did Learning's stores delight!
From books what pleasures then we drew!
For then their charms first met our sight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas! Life's summer swiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair!
Why bid Distrust's chill east wind rise,
To blast the scanty blooms they bear?

TO A FRIEND.

No, Cockfield¹, no! I'll not disdain
Thy Upton's elm-divided plain;
Nor scorn the varied views it yields,
O'er Bromley's creeks and isles of reeds,
Or Ham's or Plaistow's level meads,
To Woolwich streets, or Charlton fields:
Thy hedge-row paths I'll pleasant call,
And praise the lonely lane that leads
To that old tower upon the wall.

'Twas when Misfortune's stroke severe,
And Melancholy's presence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves displease,
That thine my weary steps received;
And much the change my mind relieved,

¹ Mr. Joseph Cockfield, of Upton. See a different copy of this ode in the *European Magazine* for October, 1799.

And much thy kindness gave me ease ;
For o'er the past as thought would stray,
That thought thy voice as oft retrieved,
To scenes which fair before us lay.

And there, in happier hours, the walk
Has frequent pleased with friendly talk ;
From theme to theme that wander'd still—
The long detail of where we' had been,
And what we' had heard, and what we' had seen ;
And what the poet's tuneful skill,
And what the painter's graphic art,
Or antiquarian's searches keen,
Of calm amusement could impart.

Then oft did Nature's works engage,
And oft we search'd Linnæus' page ;
The Scanian sage, whose wondrous toil
Had class'd the vegetable race :
And, curious, oft from place to place
We ranged, and sought each different soil,
Each different plant intent to view,
And all the marks minute to trace,
Whence he his nice distinctions drew.

O, moments these, not ill employ'd !
O, moments, better far enjoy'd
Than those in crowded cities pass'd ;
Where oft to Luxury's gaudy reign
Trade lends her feeble aid in vain,
Till Pride, a bankrupt wretch at last,
Bids Fraud his specious wiles essay,
Youth's easy confidence to gain,
Or Industry's poor pittance rend away ?

RECRUITING.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round :
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms
 Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms ;
 And, when Ambition's voice commands,
 To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round :
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
 And all that Misery's hand bestows,
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

WRITTEN AFTER

READING SOME MODERN LOVE VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful trifler's lays !
 I'll hear no more the' unmeaning strain
 Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
 And killing eyes, and wounded hearts ;
 All Flattery's round of fulsome praise,
 All Falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the Muse whose tongue has told
 Love's genuine, plaintive, tender tale ;
 Bring me the Muse whose sounds of woe
 Midst Death's dread scenes so sweetly flow,

When Friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
 When Beauty's blooming cheek is pale :
 Bring these—I like their grief sincere ;
 It soothes my sympathetic gloom :
 For, oh ! Love's genuine pains I've borne,
 And Death's dread rage has made me mourn ;
 I've wept o'er Friendship's early bier,
 And dropp'd the tear on Beauty's tomb.

THE MUSE;

OR,

POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires :
 The Poet's birth, I ask not where,
 His place, his name, they're not my care ;
 Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
 Than Tagus' bank¹, or Thames's shore² :
 From silver Avon's flowery side
 Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
 As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
 My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
 My soul the tuneful strain admires :
 Nor bigot zeal nor party rage
 Prevail, to make me blame the page ;
 I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
 Because he flatters courts and kings ;

¹ Alluding to Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal ; of whose *Lusiad* we have a well known masterly translation by Mr. Mickle.

² Alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.



Engraved by Benjamin Knapton

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Droghda



And from the master lyre of Gray,
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that 'tis heard in Freedom's cause.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Where Wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where Want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of Fancy fades;
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears and Bawdin's fate³.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When Fame her wreath well earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I loved to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his, whom Athens' Tragic Maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade,
While he for British nymphs bids flow
Her notes of terror and of woe⁴.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or sublime;

³ See Rowley's Poems, supposed to have been written by Chatterton.

⁴ See Mr. Potter's excellent translation of Æschylus and Euripides.

If Pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice sonorous calls
To Ceta's cliffs⁵ or Salem's walls⁶;
Enough—the Muse, the Muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

VIEWING THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

To a friend.

How steep yon mountains rise around,
How bold yon gloomy woods ascend!
How loud the rushing torrents sound
That midst these heaps of ruin bend,
Where one arch'd gateway yet remains,
And one lone aisle its roof retains,
And one tall turret's walls impend!

Here once a self-sequester'd train
Renounced life's tempting pomp and glare;
Rejected power, relinquish'd gain,
And shunn'd the great, and shunn'd the fair:
The voluntary slaves of toil,
By day they till'd their little soil,
By night they woke, and rose to prayer.

Though Superstition much we blame,
That bade them thus consume their years;
Their motive still our praise must claim,

⁵ See Mr. Glover's Leonidas, alluded to as an example of classical dignity and simplicity.

⁶ See Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, alluded to as an example of Gothic fancy and magnificence.

Their constancy our thought reveres :
And sure their solitary scheme
Must check each passion's wild extreme,
And save them cares, and save them fears.

Their convent's round contain'd their all ;
Their minds no sad presage oppress'd,
What fate might absent wealth befall,
How absent friends might be distress'd :
Domestic ills ne'er hurt their ease ;
They nought of pain could feel from these,
Who no domestic joys possess'd.

But Imperfection haunts each place :
Would this kind calm atone to thee
For Fame's or Fortune's sprightly chase,
Whose prize in prospect still we see ;
Or Hymen's happy moments, bless'd
With Beauty leaning on thy breast,
Or Childhood prattling at thy knee ?

PRIVATEERING.

How Custom steels the human breast
To deeds that Nature's thoughts detest !
How Custom consecrates to fame
What Reason else would give to shame !
Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,
The Naval Plunderer spreads his sail,
And, ploughing wide the watery way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore

He meets, and Avarice prompts the fight;
And Rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dyed,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or, midst the' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispersed with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captured wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By Plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And, with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictured face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be:
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown!

TO HOSPITALITY¹.

DOMESTIC power! erewhile revered
 Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
 Where Greece her tuneful Muses heard,
 Where Rome beheld her patriot train;
 Thou to Albion too wert known,
 Midst the moat and moss-grown wall
 That girt her gothic-structured hall
 With rural trophies strown.

¹ Thus varied in a copy, dated 1761, and printed in the European Magazine for November, 1799.

TO HOSPITALITY.

SOCIAL Power! erewhile revered,
 Where on Syria's palmy plain,
 Where in polish'd Greece was heard
 Many a Muse's lofty strain;
 Gentle Hospitality!
 Patron of the festive day,
 Deign to' accept the grateful lay
 I devote to thee.

When fair Truth and Valour bold
 Claim'd rude Albion for their own;
 In those happy times of old,
 To rude Albion thou wert known:
 In the abbey's darksome cell,
 In the rural-trophied hall,
 Girt with moat and moss-grown wall,
 Thou wert wont to dwell.

Huntsmen in the heat of day,
 With the tedious chase o'ertoil'd,
 Travellers doubtful of their way,
 On the pathless forest wild,
 Oft amid the verdant waste
 Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
 Sought the castle's sheltering bower,
 Shared the free repast.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
 Upon the pathless forest wild ;
The huntsman, in the heat of day,
 And with the tedious chase o'ertoil'd ;
 Wide their view around them cast,
 Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
And sought and found the festive bower,
 And shared the free repast.

Midst the city's crowded street,
 O'er the landscape glittering gay,
Stands the pompous modern seat,
 But disdains to own thy sway ;
 There, instead of thee, reside
Blithe of tongue, of aspect free,
False of heart, Civility,
 Or unsocial Pride.

Yet, amid the lonely farms,
 By fair fountain, vale, or hill,
Pleased with Nature's simple charms,
 ' Oft 'tis thine to linger still ;
 Thus with woods and fields around,
Once in Lycon's rural dome,
Where I met a second home,
 Thou by me wert found.

Nor to haunts of silvan swains,
 Deem we thy resort confined ;
E'en where splendid Affluence reigns,
 Thou wilt rule the generous mind :
 From where Thames' waters fall,
By fair ——'s pleasant groves,
Where my friend, my Cynthia roves,
 Have I heard thy call.

Wheresoe'er be thy retreat,
 Come, kind Power ! and dwell with me ;
Make my humble rural seat
 For the wise and virtuous free :
 Nor amid the welcome train
Modest Poverty exclude,
 But observe that none intrude
 Of the vicious or the vain.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
When Eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road surveys;
Pleased to spy the casual guest,
Pleased with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or song to sooth his ear,
And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet e'en here disdain'd thy sway,
Where Grandeur's splendid modern seat
Far o'er the landscape glitters gay;
Or where fair Quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the dusky upland shade,
Between the willow's glossy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When scenes, not often seen, amuse;
When tales, not often told, we hear;
There the scholar's liberal mind
Oft instruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair one's audience kind.

O gentle power! where'er thy reign,
May health and peace attend thee still;
Nor Folly's presence cause thee pain,
Nor Vice reward thy good with ill:
Gratitude thy altar raise,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And Genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praise.

THE APOLOGY.

' PASTORAL, and elegy, and ode!
Who hopes by these applause to gain,
Believe me, friend, may hope in vain—
These classic things are not the mode;
Our taste polite, so much refined,
Demands a strain of different kind.

' Go, court the Muse of Chevy Chase,
To tell in Sternhold's simple rhymes
Some tale of ancient English times;
Or try to win rude Satire's grace,
That scold, who dirt around her throws,
And many a random stain bestows.

' Or dull trite thoughts in songs combine,
And bid the tuneful accents fall,
To wake the echoes of Vauxhall;
Or toward the stage thy thoughts incline,
And furnish some half pilfer'd play,
To shine the meteor of the day.'

O! no—though such the crowd amuse,
And peals of noisy praise procure;
Will they the critic eye endure,
And pass the ordeal of Reviews?
And who is he for whom they'll gain
A niche in Fame's immortal fane?

The plan that Virgil's choice could claim,
The plan that Horace deign'd to choose,
Trust me, I wish not to refuse:—
To Akenside's or Shenstone's name
The praise that future days shall pay,
Methinks, may well content my lay.

WRITTEN NEAR THE THAMES.

THIS scene how rich from Thames's side,
While evening suns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glassy surfaced tide,
And midst the masts and cordage gleam;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green pastures stretch'd around,
And gild the slope of that high ground,
Whose corn fields bright the prospect bound¹!

The white sails glide along the shore,
Red streamers on the breezes play,
The boatmen ply the dashing oar,
And wide their various freight convey;
Some Neptune's hardy thoughtless train,
And some the careful sons of gain,
And some the' enamour'd nymph and swain,
Listening to music's soothing strain.

But there, while these the sight allure,
Still Fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluse and vales obscure,
And streams that solitary stray;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling springs distil,
The meads that quivering aspens fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the rill.

And where the trees unfold their bloom,
And where the banks their floriage bear,
And all effuse a rich perfume
That hovers in the soft calm air;

¹ Shooter's Hill. This view was taken on the north side of the Thames, at Ratcliff.

The hedge row path to wind along,
To hear the bleating fleecy throng,
To hear the skylark's airy song,
And throstle's note so clear and strong.

But say, if there our steps were brought,
Would these their power to please retain?
Say, would not restless roving thought
Turn back to busy scenes again?
O strange formation of the mind!
Still though the present fair we find,
Still towards the absent thus inclined,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind!

WRITTEN AFTER

A JOURNEY TO BRISTOL.

THEE, Bristol, oft my thoughts recall,
Thy Kingsdown brow and Brandon hill;
The space, once circled by thy wall,
Which towers and spires of churches fill;
And masts and sails of vessels tall,
With trees and houses intermingled still!

From Clifton's rocks how grand the sight,
When Avon's dark tide rush'd between!
How grand, from Henbury's woody height,
The Severn's wide spread watery scene,
Her waves with trembling sunshine bright,
And Cambrian hills beyond them rising green!

To Mendip's ridge how stretch'd away
 My view, while Fancy sought the plain
 Where Blagdon's groves secluded lay,
 And heard my much loved poet's strain ' !
 Ah! why so near, nor thither stray
 To meet the friend I ne'er shall meet again ?

Occasion's call averse to prize,
 Irresolute we oft remain—
 She soon irrevocably flies,
 And then we mourn her flown in vain ;
 While Pleasure's imaged forms arise,
 Whose fancied loss Regret beholds with pain.

And, Bristol! why thy scenes explore,
 And why those scenes so soon resign,
 And fail to seek the spot that bore
 That wondrous tuneful youth of thine,
 The bard², whose boasted ancient store
 Rose receit from his own exhaustless mine³!

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,
 Though Learning made him not her choice,
 The Muse still placed him at her side,
 And bade him in her smile rejoice—
 Description still his pen supplied,
 Pathos his thought, and melody his voice !

¹ Dr. John Langhorne, then resident at Blagdon, near Bristol.

² Chatterton.

³ This is at least the author's opinion, notwithstanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other side of the question. The last line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Mason, in his *Elegy to a young Nobleman*—

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine
 His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws.'

Conscious and proud of merit high,
Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear;
But Fame, regardless, pass'd him by
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care :
The Sun of Hope forsook his sky;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare !

Then Poverty, grim spectre, rose,
And horror o'er the prospect threw—
His deep distress too nice to' expose;
Too nice for common aid to sue,
A dire alternative he chose,
And rashly from the painful scene withdrew.

Ah! why for Genius' headstrong rage
Did Virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor youth! that now thy page
Can boast the public praise to share,
The learn'd in deep research engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair?

Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O, why your kind relief delay'd?
O, why not snatch'd his desperate hand;
His foot on Fate's dread brink not stay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakspeare or new Milton paid?

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft insensibly my way,
To where, at midnight's silent hour,
The crescent moon's slow-westerling ray
Pours full on Redcliff's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of gray.

Midst toil and commerce slumbering round,
Lull'd by the rising tide's hoarse roar,
There Frome and Avon willow crown'd,
I view sad-wandering by the shore,
With streaming tears and notes of mournful
sound,
Too late their hapless bard, untimely lost, deplore.

TO CRITICISM.

FAIR Nymph! of Taste and Learning born,
Whom Truth's and Candour's gifts adorn,
The Muse's friend! to thee she sings:
Accept the grateful verse she brings.
When Genius, ranging Nature o'er,
Collects his tributary store,
What matter's tract immense supplies,
Or wide in mind's vast region lies,
And every thought with skill combines,
And all transmits in tuneful lines;
Then rapture sparkling in thine eye,
Then raised thy solemn voice on high:
Thy comment still his work pursues,
The plan explains, the style reviews,
And marks its strength, and marks its ease:
And tells us why and how they please.
And when, perhaps, disdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair:
Whate'er of such thy sight surveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er displays,
But hints, as spots that dim the sun,
Or rocks that future sails should shun.

'Twas thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with with her sage¹ allured to rove;
'Twas thee to whom in Tadmor's bowers,
Her statesman² vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her bard³ in careless measures sung;
'Twas thou who thence to Albion's plain
Removed, to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age, by thee inspired,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admired:
And Pope, intent on higher praise,
So polish'd all his pleasing lays:
And now, by thee, our favour'd coast
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boast:
And her whose pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakspeare's injured page⁴.

Give me, bright Power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to Merit's modest brow:
And when the Muse her presence deigns,
And prompts my own unstudied strains,
Instruct me them, with view severe,
To' inspect and keep from error clear;
Nor spare, though fancied e'er so fine,
One ill placed thought or useless line.

¹ Aristotle.

² Longinus.

³ Horace.

⁴ The ingenious Mrs. Montague, who has so ably vindicated Shakspeare from the cavils of Voltaire.

TO DISEASE.

DISEASE! man's dread, relentless foe,
 Fell source of fear and pain and woe!
 O, say, on what ill fated coast
 They mourn thy tyrant reign the most?
 On Java's bogs, or Gambia's sand,
 Or Persia's sultry southern strand,
 Or Egypt's annual flooded plain,
 Or Rome's neglected, waste domain;
 Or where her walls Byzantium rears,
 And mosques and turrets crescent-crown'd,
 And from his high serail the sultan hears
 The wide Propontis' beating waves resound¹.

I'll ask no more—Our clime, though fair,
 Enough thy tyrant reign must share;
 And lovers there and friends complain,
 By thee their friends and lovers slain:
 And yet our avarice and our pride
 Combine to spread thy mischiefs wide;
 While that the captive wretch confines,
 To hunger, cold, and filth resigns,—
 And this the funeral pomp attends
 To vaults, where mouldering corpses lie,—
 Amid foul air thy form unseen ascends,
 And like a vulture hovers in the sky².

¹ *Byzantium*: Constantinople; subject to frequent visitations of that dreadful fever, the plague.

² Alluding to the too frequent miserable situation of prisoners of war, debtors, &c. and the absurd custom of burying in churches; circumstances contributing greatly to the propagation of disease.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form :
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies ;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapt's my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What History's faithful tongue has taught,
Or Fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy
That rends another's breast with pain ?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy !
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend !

THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O, HASTE, ye hovering clouds, away,
 Ye clouds so fleecy, dim, and pale,
 Through which the moon's obstructed ray
 Sheds this sad whiteness o'er the vale!
 Forbear, ye bells, that languid strain!
 The sight, the sound are fraught with pain;
 The words of dying friends I hear,
 The open grave I linger near,
 Take the last look and drop the parting tear!

Before my view dire phantoms rise,
 The plagues of hapless humankind!
 Pale Fear, who unpursued still flies,
 And starts, and turns, and looks behind;
 Remorse, whose own indignant aim
 Deforms with useless wounds her frame;
 Despair, whose tongue no speech will deign,
 Whose ghastly brow looks dark disdain,
 And bends from steep rocks o'er the foaming main.

And Rage, whose bosom inly burns,
 While Reason's call he scorns to hear;
 And Jealousy, who ruthless turns
 From suppliant Beauty's prayer and tear;
 Revenge, whose thoughts tumultuous roll
 To seek the poniard or the bowl;
 And Phrensy, wildly passing by
 With her chain'd arm, and starting eye,
 And voice that with loud curses rends the sky!

Ambition here to heights of power
 His course with daring step pursues,
 Though Danger's frown against him lour,
 Though Guilt his path with blood bestrews;

There Avarice grasps his useless store,
Though Misery's plaints his aid implore,
Though he, her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famish'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their last expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O, spare, O, spare!
Alas, your ear no prayers persuade!
But, ah! if man your reign must bear,
Sure man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will Religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliss beyond the tomb!
Yes, haply for her chosen train;
The rest, they say, severe decrees ordain
To realms of endless night and everlasting pain!

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear calm sky,
With Cynthia's silver orb on high;
Delightful looks this smooth green ground,
With shadows cast from cots around:
Quick-twinkling lustre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town and castle walls
That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now along the echoing hills
The nightbird's strain melodious trills;
And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song:

¹ The author does not give these as his own sentiments, but merely such as the gloomy moment described might naturally suggest. That the above dreadful idea is adopted by a large body of Christians is sufficient to authorize its admission into a poem professing to paint the dark side of things.

And now, wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-toned horn.

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
The passions feel their strong control :
While Fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
A scene of happiness surveys ;
Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill nor moral sees ;
No famine fell, nor dire disease,
Nor war's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heavenly band
Their white wings waving o'er the land !
Sweet Innocence, a cherub fair ;
And Peace and Joy, a sister pair :
And Kindness mild, their kindred Grace,
Whose brow serene complacence wears,
Whose hand her liberal bounty bears
O'er the vast range of animated space !

Bless'd vision ! O, for ever stay !
O, far be guilt and pain away !
And yet, perhaps, with Him whose view
Looks at one glance creation through,
To general good our partial ill
Seems but a sand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

OCCASIONED BY

READING DR. AKENSIDE'S ODES, 1758.

YES—our sequester'd vales have heard
The voice of Freedom's chosen bard ;
He bids forsake the groves and streams,
He points the Muse to loftier themes ;
To themes that Grecian lays inspired,
To themes that Grecian heroes fired,
To themes that Albion's druids sung, [among.
Their mountains bleak and oak-crown'd rocks

Begone, ye amorous trifling train !
Forbear your soft enervate strain ;
Your idle tales of wanton loves,
Of wounds and flames, and darts and doves :
Begone, and in the Gallic land,
Where Folly leads her laughing band,
Along the gaudy banks of Seine
Mix in the light dance on the flowery plain.

Not that I scorn the love-taught lay,
Where Nature speaks in Nature's way,
Where Truth dictates, and Reason guides,
And spotless Chastity presides :
But sure a nobler love inspires,
A nobler praise awaits the song,
That glows with Freedom's sacred fires,
And marks the bounds of right and wrong ;
For those who plead their country's cause,
Shall grateful time reserve a just applause,
And bear their fame through ages yet unborn,
Bright as the sun and fragrant as the morn.

Are there who breathe in British air,
And wish a tyrant's yoke to bear ?

O, hence, ye servile race, remove,
 And taste the slavery ye love;
 Where causeless wars and varied woes
 Are gifts unbounded power bestows,
 Where pines the swain on richest soils,
 And fell Oppression frowns though Nature smiles.

On winding Ligris' verdant side,
 Or where the Rhone devolves his tide,
 Some sweet sequester'd scene explore,
 Where vine-clad hills surround the shore;
 There thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
 They sport the smiling hours away;
 Ambition calls, their king commands,
 They march, they fight, they fall in foreign lands.

Not so where on the azure main
 Extends our Albion's happy plain;
 Her sons, a race sublime of soul,
 Nor fear nor lawless force control:
 Who serves in peace or serves in war
 Attends but where his choice inclines;
 Each makes his nation's fame his care,
 And this performs what that designs:
 Beneath fair Freedom's favouring smile,
 The' uninjured peasant tills a kindly soil;
 Resound, ye valleys! while your shepherds sing,
 A freeborn people, and a father-king.

By each ferocious Norman's reign,
 Each haughty Tudor's galling chain,
 And all the ills for thee design'd
 In every gloomy Stuart's mind;
 Till injured Freedom wafted o'er
 Her guardian' from the Belgic shore;
 By every former frown of fate,
 O, prize, Britannia! prize thy present state.

¹ William the Third.

Whoe'er or heart or hand employ'd
To gain the bliss by thee enjoy'd ;
Or bold in war thy standard rear'd ;
Who bold were in thy senate heard ;
Or nobly suffer'd for thy cause,
The victims of perverted laws ;
To these the honours due decree,
And raise the storied arch to Liberty.

Conspicuous on the trophied ground,
With these her chosen train around,
The sculptor's art with nicest care
Should place her image, heavenly fair :
While Commerce, fraught with gems and ores,
The gifts of many a distant land,
And labour crown'd with rural stores,
Sustain her throne on either hand ;
Oppression bound shall rage in vain,
And Persecution struggle with her chain ;
And proud Iberia's shatter'd helm appear,
And trampled papal crowns and Gallia's broken
spear.

AFTER READING AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

To Fancy's view what visions rise,
Remote amid yon azure skies !
What goddess form descends in air ?
The Grecian Muse, severely fair !
What sage is he to whom she deigns
Her lyre of elevated strains ?
The bard of Tyne—his master hand
Awakes new music o'er the land ;
And much his voice of right and wrong
Attempts to teach the' unheeding throng.

What mean those crystal rocks serene,
 Those laureate groves for ever green,
 Those Parian domes?—Sublime retreats,
 Of Freedom's sons the happy seats!—
 There dwell the few who dared disdain
 The lust of power and lust of gain;
 The patriot names of old renown'd,
 And those in later ages found;
 The' Athenian, Spartan, Roman boast,
 The pride of Britain's seagirt coast!

But, oh! what darkness intervenes!
 But, oh! beneath, what different scenes!
 What matron she, to grief resign'd,
 Beside that ruin'd arch reclined?
 Her sons, who once so well could wield
 The warrior spear, the warrior shield,
 A turban'd ruffian's scourge constrains
 To toil on desolated plains!—

And she who leans that column nigh,
 Where trampled arms and eagles lie;
 Whose veil essays her blush to hide,
 Who checks the tear that hastes to glide?
 A mitred priest's oppressive sway
 She sees her drooping race obey:
 Their vines unpruned, their fields untill'd,
 Their streets with want and misery fill'd.

And who is she, the martial maid
 Along that cliff so careless laid,
 Whose brow such laugh unmeaning wears,
 Whose eye such insolence declares,
 Whose tongue descants, with scorn so vain,
 On slaves of Ebro or of Seine?
 What grisly churl¹, what harlot bold²,
 Behind her chains enormous hold?

¹ Avarice.

² Luxury.

Though Virtue's warning voice be near,
Alas, she will not, will not hear!
And now she sinks in sleep profound,
And now they bind her to the ground.

O what is he, his ghastly form
So half obscured in cloud and storm,
Swift striding on³?—beneath his strides
Proud Empire's firmest base subsides;
Behind him dreary wastes remain,
Oblivion's dark chaotic reign!

THE MEXICAN PROPHECY¹.

FROM Cholula's hostile plain²,
Left her treacherous legions slain,
Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came.
High on Chalco's stormy steep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep;

³ Ruin.

¹ De Solis, in his History of the Conquest of Mexico, informs us, that, on the approach of Cortes to the neighbourhood of that city, the Emperor Motezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the sorcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following poem. The conquest of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumstances of cruelty; but it produced the subversion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a detestable religion of horrid rites and human sacrifices.

² Cholula was a large city, not far distant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexicans; and after professing friendship for the Spaniards, endeavoured to surprise and destroy them.

High the' Hispanian banner raised,
Bore the Cross in gold emblaz'd³.
Thick the gleaming spears appear'd,
Loud the neighing steeds were heard,
Flash'd the muskets' lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
Echo'd from a thousand caves,
Down to Tenustitan's waves⁴;—
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow:
There the ever sunny shore
Groves of palm and cocoa bore;
Maize fields rich, savannas green,
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacubà, Tezcùco fair,
Rear'd their shining roofs in air:
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd midst the glassy tide,
Bright with gold, with silver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the sight⁵
From their post the war-worn band
Raptured view'd the happy land:
'Haste to victory, haste to ease,
Mark the spot that gives us these!'
On the' exulting heroes strode,
Shunn'd the smooth, insidious road,

³ The device on Cortes's standard was the sign of the Cross.
—*Vide De Solis*.

⁴ Tenustitan, otherwise Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the Lake of Mexico.

⁵ The Spanish historians assert that the walls and houses of the Indian cities were composed of a peculiar kind of glittering stone or plaster, which at a distance resembled silver.

Shunn'd the rock's impending shade,
Shunn'd the' expecting ambushade⁶.
Deep within a gloomy wood
Motezume's magicians stood :
Tlcatlepuca's horrid form,
God of famine, plague, and storm,
High on magic stones they raised ;
Magic fires before him blazed ;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence streams of sulphur flew ;
There, while bleeding victims smoked,
Thus his aid they loud invoked—

 ' Minister supreme of ill,
Prompt to punish, prompt to kill
Motezuma asks thy aid !
Foreign foes his realms invade ;
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead !
By thy temple's sable floor,
By thy altar stain'd with gore,
Stain'd with gore and strew'd with bones,
Echoing shrieks, and echoing groans !
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead !'

 Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
Swift their falchions' blaze appear'd ;
Alvarado, rushing near,
Furious raised his glittering spear ;

⁶ The Indians had blocked up the usual road to Mexico, and opened another broader and smooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambush. Cortes discovered the stratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obstructions. Being asked by the Mexican ambassadors the reason of this procedure, he replied, that ' the Spaniards always choose to encounter difficulties.'

Calm, Olmedo mark'd the scene ⁷,
Calm he mark'd, and stepp'd between :
' Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
Weak attempts beneath your care ;
Warriors ! let the wretches live !
Christians ! pity, and forgive !'
Sudden darkness o'er them spread,
Glow'd the woods with dusky red ;
Vast the Idol's stature grew,
Look'd his face of ghastly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate ;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told ;
Cortes' veterans paused to hear,
Wondering all, though void of fear—
 ' Mourn, devoted city, mourn !
Mourn, devoted city, mourn !
Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
Scenes of battle, scenes of woe !
Who is he—O, spare the sight !—
Robed in gold with jewels bright ?
Hark ! he deigns the crowd to call ;
Chiefs and warriors prostrate fall ⁸.
Reverence now to fury yields ;
Strangers, o'er him spread your shields !

⁷ Bartholeme de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes : he seems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.

⁸ Motezuma, who was resident in the Spanish quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, proposed showing himself to the people, in order to appease the tumult. At his first appearance he was regarded with veneration, which was soon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.

Thick the darts, the arrows fly ;
Hapless monarch ! he must die !
Mark the solemn funeral state
Passing through the western gate !
Chapultèqua's cave contains
Mighty Motezume's remains.

‘ Cease the strife ! alas, ’tis vain !
Myriads throng Otumba's plain ;
Wide their feathery crests they wave,
All the strong and all the brave⁹.
Gleaming glory through the skies,
See the' Imperial standard flies !
Down by force resistless torn ;
Off in haughty triumph borne.
Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
Fugitives the mountains spread.

‘ Mexico, ’tis thine to know
More of battle, more of woe !—
Bright in arms the stranger train
O'er thy causeways move again.
Bend the bow, the shaft prepare,
Join the breastplate's folds with care ;
Raise the sacrificial fire,
Bid the captive youths expire¹⁰ ;

⁹ Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and surrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies on every side, with indefatigable valour, he found himself overpowered by numbers ; when, making one desperate effort, with a few select friends, he seized the imperial standard, killed the general, and routed the army.

¹⁰ De Solis relates, that the Mexicans sacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards whom they had taken prisoners, and whose cries and groans were distinctly heard in the Spanish camp, exciting sentiments of horror and revenge in their surviving companions.

Wake the sacred trumpet's breath,
Pouring anguish, pouring death¹¹;
Troops from every street repair,
Close them in the fatal snare;
Valiant as they are, they fly,
Here they yield, and there they die.

' Cease the strife! 'tis fruitless all,
Mexico at last must fall!

Lo! the dauntless band return,
Furious for the fight they burn!
Lo! auxiliar nations round,
Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!
Corses fill thy trenches deep;
Down thy temple's lofty steep
See thy priests, thy princes thrown—
Hark! I hear their parting groan!
Blood thy lake with crimson dyes,
Flames from all thy domes arise!

' What are those that round thy shore
Launch thy troubled waters o'er?
Swift canoes that from the fight
Aid their vanquish'd monarch's flight;
Ambush'd in the reedy shade,
Them the stranger barks invade;
Soon thy lord a captive bends,
Soon thy far famed empire ends¹²;

¹¹ The above author observes, that the sacred trumpet of the Mexicans was so called, because it was not permitted to any but the priests to sound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.

¹² When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to escape in his canoes across the Lake; but was pursued and taken prisoner by Garcoia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spanish brigantines.

Otomèca shares thy spoils,
Tlàscalà in triumph smiles ¹³.

Mourn, devoted city, mourn!

Mourn, devoted city, mourn!

‘ Cease your boast, O stranger band,
Conquerors of my fallen land!

Avarice strides your van before,

Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar!

Discord follows, breathing flame,

Still opposing claim to claim ¹⁴;

Kindred demons, haste along!

Haste, avenge my country’s wrong!’

Ceased the voice with dreadful sounds,

Loud as tides that burst their bounds;

Roll’d the form in smoke away,

Amazed on earth the’ exorcists lay;

Pondering on the dreadful lore,

Their course the’ Iberians downward bore;

Their helmets glittering o’er the vale,

And wide their ensigns fluttering in the gale.

¹³ The Otomies were a fierce, savage nation, never thoroughly subdued by the Mexicans. Tlascalala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.

¹⁴ Alluding to the dissensions which ensued among the Spaniards, after the conquest of America.

ELEGIES,

Descriptive and Moral.

WRITTEN AT

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier scenes the' approaching months prepare;

Kind Spring's full bounty soon will be display'd;
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!

Oft, for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty shower,
The smile of beauty, and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
E'en vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where maddening passion raves,
Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wallflowers
gay,

The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display:

And yet e'en here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unreprieved delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial showers succeed,
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom);
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the
mead, [fume;
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich per-

O, why alone to hapless man denied
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
O, why this fate, that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?

Ah, cease—no more of Providence complain!
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heaven indulged below:

Why else the smiling infant-train so bless'd,
Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
And dear bought knowledge ends the peace
within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please.

Such mine when first, from London's crowded
streets, [crown'd hills,

Roved my young steps to Surrey's wood-
O'er new-blown meads that breathed a thousand
By shady coverts and by crystal rills. [sweets,

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled !

What share I now that can your loss repay,
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are
And veil the light of life's meridian ray ? [spread,

Is there no Power this darkness to remove ?

The long-lost joys of Eden to restore,
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more ?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love

The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more :

These grateful share the gifts of Nature's hand ;

And in the varied scenes that round them shine
(Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand),

Admire the' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a floweret in the' enamel'd vale,

Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,

But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them e'en vernal Nature looks more gay,

For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;
To them more fair the fairest smile of Day, [Morn.

To them more sweet the sweetest breath of

They feel the bliss that Hope and Faith supply ;

They pass serene the' appointed hours that bring
The Day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The Day that centres in Eternal Spring.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER.

JULY, 1757.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.
Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and
The grassy harvest of the mead attend. [heat,
Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found, [ply.
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores sup-
Where are the flowers, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:
All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds or Peru's fields display,
Pleased with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.
Where is wild Nature's heart-reviving song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bowers?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng [hours.
Pine through this long long course of sultry
Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
The walk along the rivulet-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught!
The sun mild beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul Imagination cheers,
 Her pleasing colours paint the future gay :
 Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
 The pleasing colours instant fade away.
 In different seasons different joys we place,
 And these will Spring supply, and Summer these;
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface,
 And Summer scarcely brings a day to please.
 O, for some secret shady cool recess, [trees,
 Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome
 Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
 Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze !
 But why these plaints ? reflect, nor murmur more—
 Far worse their fate in many a foreign land,
 The Indian tribes on Darien's swampy shore,
 The Arabs wandering over Mecca's sand.
 Far worse, alas ! the feeling mind sustains,
 Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame;
 The hopeless lover bound in Beauty's chains,
 The bard whom Envy robs of hard earn'd fame ;
 He, who a father or a mother mourns,
 Or lovely consort lost in early bloom ;
 He, whom fell Febris, rapid Fury ! burns,
 Or Phthisis slow leads lingering to the tomb—
 Lest Man should sink beneath the present pain,
 Lest Man should triumph in the present joy,
 For him the unvarying laws of Heaven ordain
 Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.
 Fierce and oppressive is the heat we bear,
 Yet not unuseful to our humid soil ;
 Thence shall our fruits a richer flavour share,
 Thence shall our plains with riper harvests smile.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn refreshing showers may fall,
Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again :
E'en now behold the grateful change at hand !
Hark, in the East loud blustering gales arise ;
Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies !
O, in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail and rain and wind and thunder join ;
May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
May joyful songs of reverent praise be mine !

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

FAREWELL the pleasant violet-scented shade,
The primrosed hill, and daisy-mantled mead ;
The furrow'd land with springing corn array'd ;
The sunny wall with bloomy branches spread :
Farewell the bower with blushing roses gay ;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field ;
Farewell the walk through rows of new mown hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours yield :
Of these no more—now round the lonely farms
Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her seat,
The' autumnal landscape, opening all its charms,
Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.
In different parts what different views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain ;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
Or rear the new bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious
wains,

Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks that, towering o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,
The' enclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend,
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your valleys
smile,

Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these through many a day their
toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares supply
Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain

With toil each blessing destined to our use ;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing Muse betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of Riot than the voice of Praise.

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Realms famed for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
Have fallen the prey of Famine, War, and Time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast, [oil ;
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy
coast ;

Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil ?

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall !
Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund
swain,

Throned on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's valleys smiled in living green,
Where Sharon's flowers disclosed their varied
hues,

The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd towers, [old,
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bowers,
And silver streams through fragrant meadows
roll'd ?

Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
 And town to town return'd the favourite sound;
 Where Patriot War her awful standard rear'd,
 And braved the millions Persia pour'd around;

There Freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
 There Patriot War no more her banner waves;
 Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
 But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
 Of mighty realms that fell, when, mad with power,
 They call'd for Vice to revel on their plains;
 The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fate,
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
 The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Fair Truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
 Sweet Peace, whose brow no angry frown de-
 Soft Charity, with ever open hand; [forms;
 And Courage, calm amid surrounding storms.

O lovely train! O, haste to grace our isle!
 So may the Power who every blessing yields
 Bid on her clime serenest seasons smile, [fields.
 And crown with annual wealth her far famed

WRITTEN AT

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE Sun far southward bends his annual way,
 The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
 The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
 And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects Spring supplied,
The may-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
The white flocks scattering o'er the mountain's side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noontide in the willow shade?

Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance
What time the village peoples all the hill, [yields,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleased when here!
Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless Fancy flies, [flow;
Where Indian streams through green savannas
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flowerets blow.

Let Truth these fairer, happier lands survey—
There frowning months descend in watery
Or Nature faints amid the blaze of day, [storms;
And one brown hue the sunburnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary labourer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of Nature, free from Nature's strife?
 Who dreams of constant happiness below?
 The hope-flush'd enterer on the stage of life;
 The youth to knowledge unchastised by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
 Led by false Hope in search of many a joy;
 I find in earth's bleak clime no bless'd abode,
 No place, no season sacred from annoy:

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
 With his dark days I human life compare;
 Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds,
 and rains,

Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wondrous turn of mind our fate?—

Whate'er the season or the place possess'd,
 We ever murmur at our present state;
 And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest.

Why else, when heard in evening's solemn gloom,
 Does the sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
 Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
 Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of Reason thunders in my ear—
 'Thus thou, ere long, must join thy kindred clay;
 No more those nostrils breathe the vital air,
 No more those eyelids open on the day!'

O Winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
 Spread wide thy skies in darkest horrors dress'd!
 Of their dread rage no longer I'll complain,
 Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough has Heaven indulged of joy below,
 To tempt our tarriance in this loved retreat;
 Enough has Heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
 To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair;
 There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
 Contentment, smiling at each idle care;

Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in Winter many a view to please; [gay,
 The morning landscape fringed with frost-work
 The sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
 The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks the' advantage storms and clouds bestow,

When blustering Caurus purifies the air;
 When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
 That makes the' impregnate glebe a richer
 harvest bear:

She bids, for all, our grateful praise arise,
 To Him whose mandate spake the world to form;
 Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful
 skies,

And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's
 sounding storm.

WRITTEN AT

AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

1768.

O FRIEND! though silent thus thy tongue remains,
 I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,

Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains?

Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh?

Long from these scenes detain'd in distant fields,

My mournful tale perchance escaped thy ear:

Fresh grief to me the repetition yields;

Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retired,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desired.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amused the day;
There his loved parents' slow-declining age,
Life's calm unvaried evening, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;
A form with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown:

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engaged, with gratitude impress'd,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue bless'd.

Swift pass'd the hours; alas, to pass no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore;
The fatal gift forbad the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, closed the ground;
The final home of man ordain'd to die!

O, cease at length, obtrusive Memory! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That saw Disease on her dear life increase,
And Medicine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene! (in misery how sublime!)
Of Love's vain prayers to stay her fleeting breath!
Suspense, that restless watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpless dumb Despair, awaiting Death!

O the dread scene!—'Tis agony to tell

How o'er the couch of pain declined my head!
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting ere her spirit fled.

'Restore her, Heaven! as from the grave retrieve—
In each calm moment, all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language show how hard to leave
The loved companion she must leave behind.

'Restore her, Heaven! for once in mercy spare—'
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interposed:
And soon Suspense gave place to dumb Despair,
And o'er the past Death's sable curtain closed—
In silence closed—My thoughts roved frantic
round,

No hope, no wish beneath the sun remain'd;
Earth, air, and skies, one dismal waste I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank, with horror stain'd.

O lovely flower, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime!
O transient glories, sunk in sudden night!

Sweet Excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my soul admired!
That form, with every pleasing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with every gentle thought inspired?

The face, with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice, with rapture heard, no more I hear;
Yet the loved features Memory's eyes explore;
Yet the loved accents fall on Memory's ear.

Ah sad, sad change! (sad source of daily pain)
That sense of loss ineffable renews;
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mouldering veil her spirit left below,
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of song obtains;
The Muse of Blagdon¹, o'er Constantia's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd;
His heart, like mine, in its true partner bless'd;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy—
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky!

All gracious Heaven! since man, infatuate man,
Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee;
Lays for himself on earth his little plan,
Dreads not, or distant views mortality;

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
To rouse us lingering on earth's flowery plain,
To Virtue's path our wanderings to control,
Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain!

¹ See Verses written at Sandgate Castle, in memory of a lady, by the ingenious Dr. Langhorne.

EPISTLES.

THE GARDEN.

To a friend.

FROM Whithy's rocks steep rising o'er the main,
From Eska's vales, or Ewecot's lonely plain,
Say, rove thy thoughts to Amwell's distant bowers,
To mark how pass thy friend's sequester'd hours?

‘ Perhaps (think'st thou) he seeks his pleasing
scenes

Of winding walks, smooth lawns, and shady greens;
Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,
And the dark maple spreads its umbrage wide,
And the white bench adorns the bason side;
At morn reclined, perhaps, he sits to view
The bank's neat slope, the water's silver hue.

‘ Where, midst thick oaks, the subterraneous
To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray; [way
Where glossy pebbles pave the varied floors,
And rough flint walls are deck'd with shells and
ores;

And silvery pearls, spread o'er the roofs on high,
Glimmer like faint stars in a twilight sky;
From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleased
retires,

Indulging musings which the place inspires.

‘ Now where the airy octagon ascends,
And wide the prospect o'er the vale extends,

Midst evening's calm, intent perhaps he stands,
And looks o'er all that length of sun-gilt lands,
Of bright green pastures, stretch'd by rivers clear,
And willow groves, or osier islands near.'

Alas, my friend, how strangely men mistake,
Who guess what others most their pleasure make!
These garden scenes, which Fashion o'er our plains
Spreads round the villas of our wealthy swains,
Though Envy grudge, or Friendship wish to share,
They claim but little of their owners' care.

For me, my groves not oft my steps invite,
And far less oft they fail to' offend my sight :
In vain the senna waves its glossy gold,
In vain the cistus' spotted flowers unfold,
In vain the' acacia's snowy bloom depends,
In vain the sumach's scarlet spike ascends,
In vain the woodbine's spicy tufts disclose,
And green slopes redden with the shedding rose :
These neat shorn hawthorns' useless verdant
bound, [round,
This long straight walk, that pool's unmeaning
These short curved paths, that twist beneath the
trees.

Disgust the eye, and make the whole displease.
 ' No scene like this (I say) did Nature raise;
 Brown's fancy form, or Walpole's¹ judgment
 No prototype for this did I survey [praise;
 In Woollet's² landscapes or in Mason's lay.

¹ See Mr. Walpole's ingenious *History of the Modern Taste in Gardening*, at the end of the fourth volume of his *Anecdotes of Painting*.

² The abovenamed excellent artist, several years ago, drew and engraved a number of beautiful views in some of our most celebrated modern gardens.

But might thy genius, friend, an Eden frame,
Profuse of beauty, and secure from blame;
Where round the lawn might wind the varied way,
Now lost in gloom, and now with prospect gay;
Now screen'd with clumps of green, for wintry
 bowers;

Now edged with sunny banks, for summer flowers;
Now led by crystal lakes with lilies dress'd,
Or where light temples court the step to rest—
Time's gradual change, or Tempest's sudden rage,
There with thy peace perpetual war would wage.
That tyrant oak, whose arms so far o'ergrow,
Shades some poor shrub that pines with drought
 below,

These rampant elms, those hazels branching wide,
Crowd the broad pine, the spiry larix hide.
That lilac brow, where May's unsparing hand
Bade one vast swell of purple bloom expand,
Soon pass'd its prime, shows signs of quick decay,
The naked stem, and scanty cover'd spray.
Fierce Boreas calls, and Ruin waits his call;
Thy fair catalpa's broken branches fall;
Thy soft magnolia mourns her blasted green,
And blighted laurel's yellowing leaves are seen.

But Discontent alone, thou'lt say, complains
For ill success, where none perfection gains:
True is the charge; but from that tyrant's sway
What art, what power can e'er redeem our day?
To me, indeed, short ease he sometimes yields,
When my lone walk surrounds the rural fields;
There no past errors of my own upbraid,
No time, no wealth, expended unrepaid:
There Nature dwells, and throws profuse around
Each pastoral sight and every pastoral sound;

From Spring's green copse, that pours the cuckoo's
 And evening bleatings of the fleecy train, [strain,
 To Autumn's yellow field, and clamorous horn³
 That wakes the slumbering harvesters at morn.
 There Fancy too, with fond delighted eyes,
 Sees o'er the scene ideal people rise;
 There calm Contentment, in his cot reclined,
 Hears the gray poplars whisper in the wind;
 There Love's sweet song adown the echoing dale
 To Beauty's ear conveys the tender tale;
 And there Devotion lifts his brow to Heaven,
 With grateful thanks for many a blessing given.

Thus oft through Maylan's shady lane I stray,
 Trace Rushgreen's⁴ paths, or Postwood's winding
 Thus oft to Eastfield's airy height I haste [way!
 (All well known spots thy feet have frequent
 traced);

While Memory, as my sight around I cast,
 Suggests the pleasing thought of moments past;
 Or Hope, amid the future, forms again
 The dream of bliss Experience broke in vain.

³ There is a custom, frequent in many parts of England, of calling the harvest-men to and from work by the sound of a horn. This practice, as well as that of the harvest-shouting, seems much on the decline. The latter could boast its origin from high antiquity, as appears from that beautiful stroke of eastern poetry, Isaiah, chap. xvi.: 'I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh; for the shouting, for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest, is fallen!'

⁴ Rushgreen, or Gammels, was the patrimonial residence of William Walley, M. D. a deservedly valued friend of the author. 'Mayland's shady lane' leads from Rushgreen toward Hertford-heath. Eastfield lies very near. Postwood is more in the neighbourhood of Amwell-bury.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS :

IN THE COUNTRY.

To a friend in London.

WHILE thee, my friend, the City's scenes detain,—
The cheerful scenes where Trade and Pleasure
reign ;

Where glittering shops their varied stores display,
And passing thousands crowd the public way :
Where Painting's forms and Music's sounds de-
And Fashion's frequent novelties invite, [light,
And Conversation's sober social hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its powers,
Far different scenes for us the country yields,
Deserted roads and unfrequented fields :
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that these
Boast nought to charm the eye, the ear to please,
Though here the tyrant Winter holds command,
And bids rude tempests desolate the land ;
Sometimes the Sun extends his cheering beam,
And all the landscape casts a golden gleam :
Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air,
And through thin mist each object looks more fair.

Then, where the villa rears its sheltering grove,
Along the southern lawn 'tis sweet to rove :
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs ex-
tend,

And bright spruce firs like pyramids ascend,
And round their tops, in many a pendent row,
Their scaly cones of shining auburn show ;

¹ First entitled 'Winter Prospects.' See *Pearch's Col-
lection*, vol. iv.

There the broad cedar's level branches spread,
And the tall cypress lifts its spiry head;
With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves;
And gilded holly crimson fruit displays,
And white viburnum² o'er the border strays.

Where these from storms the spacious green-house screen,
E'en now the eye beholds a flowery scene;
There crystal sashes ward the' injurious cold,
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies,
Or o'er the isles of either India rise.

While striped geranium shows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed;
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment stay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural scenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the steep bourn and 'cross the level meads,
Soon mounts the' opponent hill, and soon conveys
To where the farm its pleasing group displays:
The rustic mansion's form, antiquesly fair;
The yew-hedged garden, with its grassplat square;
The barn's long ridge, and doors expanded wide;
The stable's strawclad eaves and claybuilt side;
The cartshed's roof, of rough-hewn round wood
made,
And loose on heads of old sere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that smooth-wrought posts
sustain,
Where hungry vermin strive to climb in vain:
And many an ash that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that shelter o'er them throws.

² That well known beautiful flowering evergreen, commonly called *Laurustinus*.

Then round the moat we turn, with pales enclosed,

And midst the orchard's trees in rows disposed,
Whose boughs thick tufts of mistletoe adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.

Thence up the lane, romantic woods among,
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung
(O'er their rough trunks the hairy stalks intwine,
And on their arms the sable berries shine):
Here oft the sight, on banks bestrewn with leaves,
The early primrose' opening bud perceives;
And oft steep dells or ragged cliffs unfold
The prickly furze with bloom of brightest gold;
Here oft the redbreast hops along the way,
And midst gray moss explores his insect prey;
Or the green woodspite³ flies with outcry shrill,
And delves the sere bough with his sounding bill;
Or the roused hare starts rustling from the brake,
And gaudy jays incessant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from stubbles nigh
The sportsman's gun, and spaniel's yelping cry.

And now the covert ends in open ground,
That spreads wide views beneath us all around;
There turbid waters, edged with yellow reeds,
Roll through the russet herd-forsaken meads;
There from the meads the' enclosures sloping rise,
And midst the' enclosures dusky woodland lies;
While pointed spires and curling smokes, between,
Mark towns and vills and cottages unseen.
And now,—for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the last remnants of the mist away,—
Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the sky:

³ The green woodpecker. *Vide Pennant's British Zoology, folio, p. 78.*

To these the curious optic tube applied
Reveals each object distance else would hide;
There seats or homesteads, placed in pleasant
 shades, [glades;
Show their white walls and windows through the
There rears the hamlet church its hoary tower
(The clock's bright index points the passing hour),
There green-robed huntsmen o'er the sunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chase withdrawn,
And ploughs slow-moving turn the broad cham-
 paign,

While on steep summits feed the fleecy train.

But wintry months few days like these supply,
And their few moments far too swiftly fly : [rain
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating
To sheltering rooms the' unwilling step detain ;
Yet there, my Friend, shall liberal Science find
Amusement various for the' inquiring mind.

**While History's hand her sanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught and crimes of kings ;
Plague thins the street, and Famine blasts the plain,
War wields his sword, Oppression binds his chain ;
Curiosity pursues the' unfolding tale,
Which Reason blames, and Pity's tears bewail.**

While Fancy's powers the' eventful novel frame,
And Virtue's care directs its constant aim;
As Fiction's pen domestic life portrays,
Its hopes and fears, and joys and griefs displays;
By Grandison's or Clinton's ⁴ story moved,
We read delighted, and we rise improved.

Then with bold Voyagers our thought explores
Vast tracts of ocean and untrodden shores;

⁴ Vide *The Fool of Quality*, a well known novel, by Mr. Henry Brooke, author of *Gustavus Vasa*, &c.

Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear
aspire,

Or red volcanos shoot their streams of fire ;
Now seeks sweet isles, where lofty palm-groves
And cany banks translucent rivers lave ; [wave,
Where Plenty's gifts luxuriant load the soil,
And Ease reposes, charm'd with Beauty's smile.
Such, hapless Cook ⁵ ! amid the southern main,
Rose thy Ta-heitè's peaks and flowery plain ;—
Why, daring wanderer ! quit that blissful land,
To seek new dangers on a barbarous strand ?
Why doom'd, so long escaped from storms and
Upon that strand thy dying eyes to close ; [foes,
Remote each place by habit render'd-dear,
Nor British friends nor Otaheitean near ? [invite,

Nor less than books the' engravers' works
Where past and distant come before the sight ;
Where all the painter's lively tints convey'd
The skilful copyist gives in light and shade :
While faithful views the prospect's charms display,
From coast to coast, and town to town, we stray ;
While faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the speaking face ;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the smiles that high-born beauties wore.

Cease these to please ? Philosophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diversion blends ;
The Sun's vast system in a model shows ;
Bids the clear lens new forms to sight expose ;
Constructs machines, whose wondrous powers de-
The' effects of light and properties of air ; [clare

⁵ This celebrated circumnavigator, after surmounting numerous difficulties and escaping many dangers, was at length slain by the inhabitants of Owhyhee, a little island in the Pacific Ocean.

With whirling globes excites electric fires,
 And all their force and all their use inquires.
 O Nature! how immense thy secret store,
 Beyond what e'en a Priestley can explore!

Such, friend, the' employments may his time
 divide

Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide ;
 While o'er his ear unnoticed glide away
 The noise and nonsense of the passing day!

ON PAINTING¹.

To a Young Artist.

FROM sunny Adria's sea-surrounded towers,
 From Tibur's vales and Arno's viny bowers,
 The Muse of Painting seeks Britannia's plain,
 And leads to Thames's bank her favourite train :
 There, where a nation's wealth her dome has placed,
 With her kind Sister's² Attic beauties graced,
 She, like the Spring, as liberal and as gay,
 Bids her rich hand its annual stores display ;
 And mimic Being glowing round the walls,
 From scene to scene the rapt attention calls,
 There, where the Public gives the palm of praise,
 And only Merit to renown can raise.
 Doubtless, my friend, the just ambition's thine
 To see thy future works distinguish'd shine.

¹ The author had conceived a design of writing a pretty extensive poem on the subject of Painting, long before Mr. Hayley's ingenious 'Poetical Epistle to an Eminent Painter' appeared. That performance anticipated and precluded part of his intended work, but seemed not to render the suppression of this epistle necessary.

² Architecture.

Hear then thy poet's monitory lay,
That hints not useless may perchance convey:
No artist I, like him of Gallia's shore³,
Whose pencil practised, ere he taught his lore;
Yet Taste incites me others' works to view,
And risk a judgment haply not untrue.

• Were Painting's path my pleasing road to fame,
The choice of subject much my care should claim;
His graphic power he sure but ill bestows,
Who best a trifle's nice resemblance shows.
Though the rich tints so finely blended fall,
When carps and pheasants deck the rural hall,
That oft, like Zeuxis' grapes, they scarcely fail
To tempt to touch the feather or the scale.—
Yet not e'en Elmer's⁴ skill can make us prize
What every field or every pond supplies;
Regret gives pain to view such wondrous art
Tried on no theme that interests the heart.

The pride of Genius should thy hand restrain
From all that life's inferior ranks contain⁵:
Thy conscious pallet ne'er its hues should spare
To draw a sportsman's hound or racer's mare:

³ C. A. Du Fresnoy, a well known French painter; author of a Latin poem, 'De Arte Graphica,' which has been translated by Dryden and Mason.

⁴ The author must here once for all remark, that whatever he may say respecting the works of any painter is solely the result of impartial, though possibly mistaken opinion. He cannot be misled by friendship; for, excepting a slight acquaintance with those amiable characters, Mr. West and Mrs. Kauffman, he has not the pleasure of knowing any artist whose name he has taken the liberty to mention.

⁵ This is meant only of such objects, when considered as the principal subject of a picture. Almost every class of animals may be occasionally introduced as ornaments in landscape, and often in history.

Nor thy reluctant crayon stoop to trace
A fool's dull eye or villain's ill mark'd face.

But deem not Portrait's gifts I mean to slight,—
Portrait, the source of many a pure delight!
When bards' or sages' works our wishes fire
To see their forms whose minds we there admire,
The featured canvass full to view displays
Reason's deep calm or Fancy's glowing rays,
When Beauty's charms their varied graces wear,
Love's gentle smile, or Mirth's vivacious air,
The pleasing image strikes remotest climes,
And goes unalter'd down to distant times.
When Death's relentless hand in dust has laid
The school companion, or the first-loved maid;
The father kind, with filial awe revered;
The tender mother, by her cares endear'd;
When from our arms the darling child is torn,
Or when the husband or the wife we mourn—
As on their picture many a glance we cast,
Remembrance wanders to the vanish'd past;
Our thoughts o'er numberless minutæ roll,
And pain-mix'd pleasure solaces the soul.
To Portrait's study should thy choice incline,
E'en there to aim at excellence be thine:
And strive to reach the point attain'd by few,
Preserve the likeness and the spirit too.

Of Landscape's province wide extends the range,
From the deep vale and humble rural grange
To Cambrian heaths sublimely brown and bare⁶,
Or Alpine ice-points glittering white in air:
And not from Nature only she designs,
But different parts of different scenes combines;

⁶ That celebrated artist, Mr. Wilson, painted a set of beautiful views from nature, in different parts of Wales.

Or new creations of her own she forms,
 Illumes with sunshine, or involves in storms ⁷.

Familiar prospects would thy hand bestow?
 Mark what our hayfields and our hop-grounds
 show;

Where in neat rows the russet cocks are seen,
 Or from tall poles depend festoons of green;
 And long straight paths in perspective extend,
 And yellow sandhills close behind ascend ⁸,
 Nor sweeter contrast sure can meet the eye
 Than village lanes in vernal months supply,
 When amber clouds, in sky of soft bright blue,
 Hang o'er the copse just crown'd with verdure new;
 Or where the orchard's sun-gilt branches spread
 Their bloom of white or faintly blushing red.
 The fairest scenes, when peopled, look more fair,
 But these to people asks peculiar care:
 We wish not here for Virgil's classic Swains,
 Nor dryad Nymphs light tripping o'er the plains;
 Nor yet the grinning Hobbinols of Gay,
 Nor cottage Marians, in their torn array:
 The rustic life, in every varied place,
 Can boast its few of beauty and of grace;
 From them select the forms that most may please,
 And clothe with simple elegance and ease:
 Such forms in Smith's ⁹ delightful spots we prize,
 And such in Sandby's pleasant fields arise.

The' observant artist much from travel gains:
 Increase of knowledge well rewards his pains.

⁷ These circumstances, termed by the painters *accidents of nature*, often agreeably diversify landscape.

⁸ For this imagery the author is indebted to Mr. Walpole, who, in his *anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iv. p. 65, proposes our hay-fields and hop-grounds as new subjects of landscape.

⁹ The late Mr. George Smith of Chichester.

Now his pleased eye o'er Tuscan prospects roves,
 Their sunny corn-fields and their cypress groves;
 Their roads, where sports from tree to tree the vine,
 And through broad leaves its crystal clusters
 shine ¹⁰;

Their white Casines, with olive groves around;
 And glittering cliffs with towns and castles
 crown'd.

Now his pleased step a wider circuit tries,
 Where Nile's vast flood on Egypt's level lies;
 While midst the tide tall palms their tops uprear,
 And causeways broad and cities fair appear ¹¹.

Now Indian climes he east or west explores,
 Quits the dull factory and the sandy shores ¹²,
 Climbs craggy hills, pervades romantic woods,
 Or winds along the cataracts of the floods;
 Through beasts and birds and insects, fruits and
 flowers,

In shape and colour all distinct from ours;
 Or strays o'er isles that spicy vales unfold,
 Midst skies of glory and midst seas of gold;
 Such skies, such seas as Hodges' pencil drew,
 And round the rocks of Ulittea threw ¹³.

Whate'er we copy, or whate'er we feign,
 Through all the piece one character should reign;

¹⁰ The hedgerow trees in Tuscany are covered with vines.—
Vide Smollet's Travels, vol. ii. p. 46.

¹¹ *Vide* Rollin's *Ancient History*, 18mo. vol. i. p. 22.

¹² Several of our artists have attended to this circumstance
 of foreign scenery. The ingenious Mr. George Robertson
 painted several fine romantic views in Jamaica, which have
 been engraved.

¹³ Several beautiful landscapes, taken in different parts of
 the new-discovered islands, by Mr. Hodges, who attended
 Captain Cook in one of his voyages, must be well remembered
 by those who formerly visited the annual exhibitions of our
 Royal Academy.

When Claude's bright morn on Mola's precincts
dawns, [lawns!

What sweet quiescence marks the groves and
How calm his herds among the ruins graze!

How calm his curious peasant stands to gaze ¹⁴!

When bold Salvator under turbid skies

Bids his scath'd hills and blasted trees arise,

Behind wild rocks bids his wild streams be lost,

And from vast cliffs shows broken fragments
toss'd;

Midst them no shepherds lead their flocks along,

Nor village maidens seem to tune their song;

But solemn augurs flights of birds survey,

Or stern-eyed robbers wait the passing prey ¹⁵.

In Rubens' forest, when the wounded boar,

Plunged in the stream, attempts the farther shore,

How the fierce dogs retard his awkward speed!

How the fierce hunters urge the straining steed!

And eager one the winged arrow sends,

And one firm-fix'd the expectant spear protends ¹⁶.

To History's group, where passion'd thought
express'd

Strikes kindred feelings on the gazer's breast,—

To History's group, the epic of thy art,

Proceed we now, and what we can, impart.

The mighty masters of Italian name

All Rome, all Florence, and Bologna claim;

¹⁴ Vide a beautiful engraving, by Vivares, from a capital picture of Claude Lorrain, called the Morning; in which he introduces himself drawing an antique temple on the banks of the Tyber, between Ponte Mola and Rome.

¹⁵ Vide Salvator Rosa's landscapes, engraved by Goupy. See also Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses delivered to the students of the Royal Academy.

¹⁶ Vide Rubens' landscape of boar hunting, engraved by Bolswert.

Whose fresco forms still animate their walls,
Whose living canvass decks their domes and
halls:

What various powers for these their glory won,
And what of theirs to choose, and what to shun
Illustrious Reynolds much in prose has told,
And more my verse pretends not to unfold.
These still thy study, but with caution, make,
Nor prize the picture for the painter's sake;
Raffaelle himself beneath himself oft fell,
And meaner hands' best works his worst excel ¹⁷.

'Tis general Nature, in thy art and mine;
Must give our fame in future times to shine:
Sublime and pathos like the Sun's fix'd flame
Remain, and please through every age the same;
Humour's light shapes, like vapours in the sky,
Rise, pass, and vary, and for ever fly:
Hogarth and Swift, if living, might deplore
Half their keen jokes, that now are jokes no more.

What Truth's rich page of real event supplies,
What Fancy's powers of fabled act devise,
Before thee lie—but where the field so wide,
There Judgment's hand Selection's step must guide.

To Horror's forms the mind aversion feels,
To Spaniolet's ¹⁸ flay'd saints and torturing wheels;

¹⁷ For this assertion the author has the highest authority, viz. that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'I have no desire (says he) to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank he deservedly holds; but, in comparing him with himself, he does not appear to me to be the same man in oil as in fresco.'—*Discourses, ut supra*.

¹⁸ Spagnioletto. Giuseppe Ribera, born near Valencia in Spain. He was noted for painting horrid subjects; such as Prometheus with the vulture feeding on his liver; Ixion tortured on the wheel; and St. Bartholomew with the skin flayed from his body.—*Vide Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy*, p. 352.

Nor praise for nauseous images we win,
For Spenser's Error, or for Milton's Sin.

Mythology, that Greek enchantress, long
Has reign'd the idol of the painting throng;
But Reason's thought disdains Ovidian dreams
Absurd, of nymphs transform'd to trees and
streams;

And Virtue Homer's wanton gods abhors,
With all their lewd amours and all their idle wars.

The Battle's conflicts ample scope bestow,
The' effects of fury, fear, and pain to show;
As different features these unlike express,
The contrast's force affects us more or less.
But here Confusion holds his crowded reign,
And the tired eye attempts to rest in vain;
And o'er the scene Humanity complains, [tains.
Where mangled corpses lie, and blood the land dis-
When in the fore-ground kings or generals stand,
Direct the' attack, or head the charging band,
Their graceful forms we unconcern'd survey;
Who fight for conquest, or who fight for pay:
Nor in their postures can there much be praised,
Their pistols level'd, or their falchions raised;
And to dull sameness here so oft we fall,
That who beholds one piece beholds them all.

But War's dire field, not all confined to these,
Affords us often incidents that please:
For oft the' Historian's, oft the Poet's art
Can win our wishes on some hero's part;
His country named, his place and parents known,
Our busy thought his perils makes its own.
To fierce Pelides, midst Scamander's waves,
When young Lycaon's voice for pity craves ¹⁹;

¹⁹ Vide the Iliad, book xxi.—This story of Lycaon is perhaps one of the most affecting passages in the whole poem.

The chief's stern brow, and lance suspended high,
 The youth's bent knee and deprecating eye,
 Not West's rich pencil need disdain to trace,
 Or Romney's stroke with glowing colours grace.
 When Dythyrambus, on Oëta's plain, [slain,
 Mourns the brave Persian whom his hand has
 Nor marks his danger from the' approaching foe,
 Nor his bold friend prepared to ward the blow;
 In one what grief, in one what vengeful rage,
 In one what ardour might the sight engage²⁰!

The gentle Kauffman's traits can best declare
 The sentimental feelings of the fair,
 When soft Erminia in the silvan shade
 Leaves Tancred's name on every tree display'd²¹;
 Or kind Louisa pens the friendly scroll,
 To sooth the mournful sister of her soul²².

Vide Pope's note, vol. v. p. 208, of his translation. The countenance of Achilles, at the moment when the death of Patroclus occurring to his thought determined him to kill Lycaon, would afford a fine expression:

'Talk not of life or ransom (he replies):
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies.'

²⁰ Vide Leonidas, book viii. l. 355.

He ended, rushing furious on the Greek,
 Who, while his gallant enemy expired,
 While Hyperanthes tenderly received
 The last embraces of his gasping friend,
 Stood nigh reclined in sadness on his shield,
 And in the pride of victory repined.
 Unmark'd his foe approach'd. But forward sprung
 Diomedon. Before the Thespian youth
 Aloft he raised his targe'——

²¹ Vide Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

²² See Emma Corbet, an interesting novel, by Mr. Pratt, vol. i. letter 34.

The same skill'd hand more strong expression tries,
 At Edward's feet when Woodville's daughter lies²³;
 Or, midst the' admiring weeping train around,
 Fond Eleanora sucks the poison'd wound²⁴,
 Delightful artist!—Grace her pencil guides,
 And delicacy o'er its stroke presides!
 The' immortal Swans, appointed to redeem
 Genius and Worth from Lethe's silent stream,
 Pleased with their charge shall bear her medal'd
 name

To the fair priestess of the fane of Fame²⁵.

Such tender subjects, if thy choice they gain,
 Enough for thee as yet untouch'd remain.
 Now from the page of Richardson bestow
 On Clementina's face the lines of woe;
 Or let sweet Harriet's livelier beauty wear
 The soul-fraught eye and apprehensive air;
 Or draw the proud Olivia's rage-flush'd charms,
 When the calm Hero seized her deadly arms;
 And paint that hero, firm in trial proved,
 Unawed by danger and by vice unmoved²⁶.

²³ See in Rapin the story of Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, suing to Edward IV. for restitution of her lands.

²⁴ The well known story of Eleanor of Castile, queen of Edward I. sucking the poison from her husband's arm when he was wounded by an assassin in Palestine.

²⁵ See a painting of Angelica's, from a passage in Ariosto, where swans are introduced bringing the names of ingenious persons, inscribed on medals, to a nymph who deposits them in the Temple of Fame.

²⁶ The interview between Sir Charles Grandison and Olivia, at the instant of his seizing her poniard, would make a noble picture. This work of Richardson's abounds with fine situations. Brooke's *Fool of Quality*, and the *Adventurer* of Hawkesworth, are also books worthy the perusal of an artist who wishes for choice of interesting incidents.

To Sterne's soft Maniac let thy hand impart
The languid cheek, the look that pierced his heart,
When to her virgin saint the vesper song she raised,
Or earnest view'd him as he sat and gazed²⁷.

Mark, if thou canst, Philanthropy divine,
That swells the breast and bids the features shine,
When the tear glistening starts from Toby's eyes
Fix'd on the couch where poor Le Fevre dies.

The Grecian classics' venerable lore
I see thee often diligent explore;
What Homer's Muse to Chian cities taught,
Or Pity's priest²⁸ to Athens' audience brought.
Methinks, now rising from thy plastic hand,
Troy's hoary monarch shall a suppliant stand;
To stern Achilles all his griefs explain,
And ask his Hector's corse, nor ask in vain²⁹.
Now Jove's kind son to Thebes's sorrowing king
Shall his restored unknown Alcestis bring;
Admetus' eyes his anguish'd thought declare,
And turn disgusted from the proffer'd fair³⁰.

²⁷ This subject has been attempted by several ingenious artists, who have given very pleasing figures; but perhaps none that convey the precise idea of Sterne. This author being mentioned, a trite observation must be indulged, viz. that there probably never was a more striking instance of misapplication of talents than in him. With superior powers for the pathos, he chose to descend to ribaldry, that affronted the taste and corrupted the morals of the public. What pity that the gold had not been separated from the dross, and the latter consigned to that oblivion it so richly merits!

²⁸ Euripides.

²⁹ Vide the Iliad, book xxiv.

³⁰ Vide the Alcestis of Euripides. Hercules restores to life Alcestis, the deceased wife of Admetus, and brings her to her husband, disguised with a veil, and represented as a stranger; whom Admetus, in the height of distress for the loss of his beloved consort, refuses to admit into his palace.

The dark Sublime of extra natural scenes
 The vulgar magic's puerile rite demeans ; [pare,
 Where hags their caldrons fraught with toads pre-
 Or glide on broomsticks through the midnight air.
 Chain'd on the rock let bold Prometheus lie,
 And cast wild looks, upbraiding, to the sky³¹;
 Bid Milton's Satan from the burning steep
 Call his wide legions, slumbering on the deep ;
 Or Camoëns' Spirit of the Cape upraise,
 And show him only by the lightning's blaze :
 Or place sad Hosier's Ghost amid the tide,
 Where by the pale moon anchor'd navies ride³².

O, where is he whose thought such grandeur gave
 To bold Fitzwalter and the barons brave,
 When, ranged in arms along their Thames's strand,
 They snatch'd their charter from a tyrant's hand³³?
 Through all the scenes his rapid stroke bestow'd,
 Rosa's wild grace and daring spirit glow'd :
 In him—ah, lost ere half his powers were shown!—
 Britain perhaps an Angelo had known!

Wouldst thou his honours emulous pursue,
 And give the Patriot Energy to view,—
 Deep in the gloom of Dalecarlia's mine,
 Bid Freedom's flame in Vasa's visage shine³⁴:

³¹ See the Prometheus of Æschylus.

³² See that admirable song, entitled Hosier's Ghost, by the author of Leonidas.

³³ Vide Mortimer's picture of King John delivering Magna Charta to the Barons. That ingenious artist's obvious powers of imagination promised the attainment of a high degree of excellence in his profession.

³⁴ Brook's Gustavus Vasa, act i. sc. 2, where Gustavus discovers himself to Anderson and Arnoldus in the copper mines of Dalecarlia. See another fine subject in the same tragedy, act iv. scene xi.

The pass of famed Thermopylæ display,
And Sparta's monarch's port august portray³⁵.

For pontiffs and for kings the painter's skill
From sacred story toils, their walls to fill;
Where'er we turn the subjects strike the eye,
And few untried are left for us to try.

Yet who has Jephtha's matchless woe express'd,
By his loved daughter's sudden sight distress'd;
Or shown the Patriarchs, struck with wild amaze,
As on the Viceroy's hidden cup they gaze³⁶?
Or who, when Israel's hosts on Edom's plain
Despairing lie—a thirst-afflicted train!—

Has bade the Prophet and his minstrel stand,
And call new waters o'er the burning sand³⁷,
When David's chiefs, with generous thought in-
spired,

Bring the clear wave his sickening soul desired;

³⁵ Vide Leonidas, book x. where the hero of the poem repeats to the assembled council the message of Argesfes; while Alpheus, at the same instant, brings news of the Persians having passed the Upper Strait. This would make a noble picture; the dauntless appearance of the Greeks might be well contrasted with the fear and shame of the ambassador of Xerxes.—The Banquet of Melissa, Priestess of the Muses, where Leonidas and *Æschylus* are supposed present, book vii. is another fine subject. Such pictures would hardly be popular; but to some minds they would afford singular pleasure.

³⁶ The author does not recollect seeing or hearing of any celebrated picture on those interesting subjects, of Jephtha's return, and the discovery of Joseph's cap in the sack of Benjamin.

³⁷ Vide 2 Kings, chap. iii.—This subject would afford a variety of noble expression in the different characters of the kings, the pious confidence of Jehosaphat, and the desponding anxiety of Jehoram, the distress of the soldiers, and the enthusiasm of Elisha. The streams of water might appear in the distance, seemingly visible only to the prophet from his situation.

What dignity might to his act be given,
The pure libation pouring out to Heaven³⁸!

No more of Theme; Design must now succeed—
The mind's strong picture when we hear or read³⁹,
Where every person finds his proper place,
And turn of attitude and turn of face:

The artist's powers in this must greatly fail,
Whose figures point not out at once his tale⁴⁰,
When Lystra's crowd around the' Apostles throng,
And joyful lead the victim ox along;

Ask we the cause, while he that cause explains,
Whose limb, late useless, strength and use ob-
tains⁴¹? [ground,

When West's young Warrior, bleeding on the
His mournful group of martial friends surround;
Their gallant General instantly we know,
Their griefs, their cares his life's importance show;
Quebec's proud tower, the' encountering troops
between,

In distant view discriminates the scene⁴².

As in the Drama all events should tend
In course unbroken to the purposed end;
So must the picture's business still maintain
The same connective unity of train.

³⁸ 2 Samuel, chap. xxiii.

³⁹ See Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.

⁴⁰ That composition must be defective which cannot, to a careful observer, point out its own tendency; and those expressions must be either weak or false which do not in some degree mark the interest of each actor in the drama.—*Webb's Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, preface*, p. 8.

⁴¹ Vide Raffaele's St. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. For the above observation and description the author is indebted to the ingenious 'Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting.'

⁴² Vide West's celebrated picture of the Death of General Wolfe, engraved by Woollet.

When Copley's Youth, swift struggling through
the wave,

The anxious boatmen strain each nerve to save :
As strives the ravenous shark to reach his prey,
One lifts the javelin to arrest his way ;
And now, as near his dreadful jaws expand,
One casts the cord, and one extends the hand :
What care, what pity mark their eager eyes !
What hopes, what terrors in our bosoms rise⁴³ !

The skilful painter, at whose option lie
Positions various, fails not all to try ;
And those prefers, where every part the best
Accordance keeps, illustrating the rest.
By different modes effect he oft obtains ;
To one chief figure now the' attention gains ;
Now force on second characters bestows,
And all his meaning by reflection shows ;
Now through the whole, each rank and sex and age,
One common ruling passion bids engage.

When Raffaelle's Saviour from the tomb as-
cends,
Such majesty and grace his presence blends
That the fix'd eye contemplates him alone,
Nor heeds the' astonish'd guards around him
thrown⁴⁴. [spear

When Vandyke's General, whose victorious
Sunk Persia's pride, and check'd the Goth's career,
Of service paid with indigence complains,
And sightless age on daily alms sustains ;

⁴³ See Copley's picture of a youth (the late Sir Brook Watson) rescued by sailors from a shark in the harbour of the Havannah. There is a fine mezzotinto of this piece by Green.

⁴⁴ Raffaelle's picture of the Resurrection of Christ, engraved by Vivares and Grignion, from a drawing of Dalton.

As the young chief the' affecting scene surveys,
How all his form the emotion'd soul betrays!
' O, thus has Fortune for the brave decreed?
Of toils and dangers this at last the meed⁴⁵?

When Rome's fair princess, who from Syria's
Her late lost consort's sacred ashes bore, [shore
With steps slow moving o'er Brundusium's strand,
Meets her loved friends—a numerous mourning
band—

Her gentle frame no gestures rude disgrace,
No vulgar grief deforms her beauteous face;
Her downcast eyes immovable remain,
Fix'd on the urn her careful hands sustain.
The widow'd mother, by her garment's folds,
Close on each side each tender offspring holds;
While Melancholy all the train o'ershades
Of hoary warriors and of blooming maids;
And all their breasts with pity seem to heave,
And for the dead and for the living grieve⁴⁶.

The Great Sublime with energy to' express
Exert thy utmost power, nor fear excess.
When Passion's tumults in the bosom rise,
Inflate the features, and enrage the eyes;
To Nature's outline can we draw too true,
Or Nature's colours give too full to view?
Did Reynolds' hand with force too strong disclose
Those looks that mark the' unutterable woes,
When Ugoline, the wretch, in prison lies,
And hears his dying children's piercing cries,

⁴⁵ Vide the Belisarius of Vandyke; engraved by Goupy and Scotin.

⁴⁶ This capital picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium, with the ashes of Germanicus, is, in the author's opinion, one of Mr. West's most pleasing compositions. There is a beautiful print of it by Earlom.

And while fell Hunger haunts the' impervious
walls,

And one by one the suffering victim calls,
Invokes the lightning's bolt those walls to rend,
Or earth to open, and his miseries end⁴⁷?

Our bards indeed, I own, here often fail,
And spoil with bombast and conceit their tale;
Their heroes rant in many a curious strain
Of thought, that none could think in anger or in
pain.

Celestial scenes with caution must be tried,
Where knowledge fails, and fancy sole can guide:
The great First Cause no form reveals to sight,
We mark his presence by excess of light⁴⁸;
While angel-shapes at ease on wing remain,
Or on thin clouds their airy steps sustain.

But though, fair Painting! thus by just design,
And strong expression, much to please is thine;
Yet not from these thy utmost praises rise,
For useful moral oft thy work supplies.
When, midst Poussin's Arcadian vale serene,
The virgin's sculptured monument is seen,
And the sad shepherd pointing seems to say,
' O Death, no place is sacred from thy sway!'
Our mournful thoughts the well known truth recall,
That youth and beauty oft untimely fall⁴⁹.

⁴⁷ Vide Sir Joshua Reynolds's excellent picture of Count Ugolino and his children in the Dungeon; where they were confined and starved to death by Archbishop Ruggieri. This circumstance is described by the Italian poet Dantè.

⁴⁸ The author could not here omit censuring the practice of some celebrated painters, who have presumptuously and absurdly represented the Supreme Being in the form of an aged man.

⁴⁹ Vide Poussin's picture, called *The Shepherds in Arcadia*; engraved by Ravenet, in Boydell's collection of prints: also

On Carthage's plains when Marius meets the eye,
 And the stern prætor's mandate bids him fly;
 Fresh from the view the strong reflection springs,
 How strange the vast vicissitude of things!
 Rome's rival city to the dust depress'd;
 Her haughty consul there denied to rest⁵⁰!
 When Persia's conqueror, midst her female train,
 Appears the chaste, the generous, and humane;
 His look, his action on the mind impress
 The needful knowledge how to bear success⁵¹.

Thus may thy art, O friend, for ever prove
 Of force to virtue and from vice to move!
 To statesmen, thoughtless on the heights of power,
 Mark Wolsey's fall, or show his final hour;
 To patriot eyes give Marvell's calm disdain,
 When Danby urged the tempting bribe in vain⁵²;
 Or bid the' Inconstant her own doom deplore
 In the sad exit of the hapless Shore⁵³.

Without the' *entheus* Nature's self bestows,
 The world no painter nor no poet knows:
 But think not mind in its own depth contains
 A source of wealth that no disbursement drains:

the Abbé Du Bos's *Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Music*; and Dr. Warton's ingenious *Essay on Didactic Poetry*, in his translation of Virgil.

⁵⁰ There is a fine picture of Mortimer's on this subject. The reply of Marius to the messenger who came with orders for him to depart was nobly concise and affecting: 'Go, tell the Prætor, thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.'

⁵¹ Vide Le Brun's *Alexander in the Tent of Darius*, engraved by Edelinok.

⁵² See the *Life of Andrew Marvell*, in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*.

⁵³ The interview between Shore and her husband, in the last scene of Rowe's tragedy, would afford a fine picture.

Quick Observation, ever on the wing,
Home, like the bee, its useful stores must bring;
From hills, and vales, and rocks, and streams,
and trees,

And towns, and all that people those and these;
From meanest objects that may hints inspire,
Discolour'd walls, or heaps of glowing fire⁵⁴.
Care too beside thee still must take her place,
Retouch each stroke, and polish every grace;
For when we join not dignity with ease,
Nor thou canst paint, nor I can write, to please.

Perfection's point the artist nearest gains,
Who with his work unsatisfied remains:
Da Vinci's thought an excellence conceived,
That his eye miss'd in all his hand achieved⁵⁵.

The clear obscure how happiest to produce,
And what of various tints the various use,
My lay to that presumes not to aspire,
Nor with trite precept this thy ear shall tire;
Coreggio's practice that describes the best;
In Fresnoy's theory this we find express'd.

No rude incongruence should thy piece disgrace,
No motley modes of different time and place;
By Grecian chiefs no Gallic airs be worn⁵⁶,
Nor in their hands be modern weapons borne;
Nor mix the crested helm and coat of mail
With the vast curl'd peruke or pointed tail.
And sacred ever be the solemn scene
From base intrusion of burlesque and mean;
Nor in a Patriarch's or Apostle's sight
Set snarling dogs and growling cats to fight.

⁵⁴ Vide Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.

⁵⁵ Vide Graham's account of painters, in Dryden's Fresnoy.

⁵⁶ Vide Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.

One caution further must the Muse impart ;
Shun Naked Form, that scandal of thy art :
E'en Dryden blames them who refuse to spare
The painful blushes of the modest fair.
Let Decency her veil of drapery throw,
And Grace diffuse its folds in easy flow ⁵⁷.

And now, my friend, for thee may Fortune find
Employ congenial to thy liberal mind ;
Not tasks imposed by power, or chose for gain,
Begun reluctant, and pursued with pain.
What warms the heart the hand with force reveals,
And all that force the charm'd spectator feels :
For Genius, piercing as the' electric flame,
When waked in one, in others wakes the same.

⁵⁷ Vide Dryden's Preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, where the licence of painters, in the above respect, is severely censured.

SONNETS.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT.

1766.

WHY asks my friend what cheers my passing day,
Where these lone fields my rural home enclose,
That all the pomp the crowded city shows
Ne'er from that home allures my steps away?

Now through the upland shade I musing stray,
And catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows;
Now in the meads on river banks repose,
And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay:

Now pleased I read the poet's lofty lay,
Where music fraught with useful knowledge flows;
Now Delia's converse makes the moments gay,
The maid for love and innocence I chose:
O friend! the man who joys like these can taste
On vice and folly needs no hour to waste.

TO DELIA.

1766.

THRICE has the year its varied circuit run,
And swiftly, Delia, have the moments flown,
Since with my love for thee my care begun,
To' improve thy tender mind to science prone.

The flatteries of my sex I bade thee shun,
I bade thee shun the manners of thy own;
Fictitious manners, by example won,
That ill for loss of innocence atone!

Say, generous maiden, in whose gentle breast
Dwells simple Nature undisguised by Art,

Sweet are thy songs, they oft amuse my day;
Of Fancy's visions while I hear thee 'plain,
While Scotland's honours claim thy pastoral strain,
Or Music comes, o'er Handel tears to pay.

For all thy Irwan's flowery banks display,
Thy Persian Lover, and his Indian fair;
For all Theodosius' mournful lines convey,
When Pride and Avarice part a matchless pair:
Receive just praise, and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By Fame and Virtue twined for thee to wear.

TO BRITAIN.

1766.

RENOWN'D Britannia! loved parental land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye,
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand
Wakes in thy vales the poor's persuasive cry—

When wealth enormous sets the oppressor
high,

When bribes thy ductile senators command,
And slaves in office freemen's rights withstand;
Then mourn, for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Though leagued in war tremendous round thy
shore—

But from thyself thy ruin must proceed!
Nor boast thy power; for, know, it is decreed,
Thy freedom lost, thy power shall be no more!

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DESCRIPTION OF AN ÆOLIAN
HARP. 1754.

UNTAUGHT o'er strings to draw the rosin'd bow,
Or melting strains on the soft flute to blow,
With others long I mourn'd the want of skill
Resounding roofs with harmony to fill :
Till happy now the' Æolian lyre is known,
And all the powers of music are my own.
Swell all thy notes, delightful harp, O, swell !
Inflame thy poet to describe thee well,
When the full chorus rises with the breeze,
Or, slowly sinking, lessens by degrees,
To sounds more soft than amorous gales disclose,
At evening panting on the blushing rose ;
More sweet than all the notes that organs breathe,
Or tuneful echoes when they die bequeath.
Oft where some silvan temple decks the grove,
The slave of easy indolence I rove ;
There the wing'd breeze the lifted sash pervades,
Each breath is music, vocal all the shades.
Charm'd with the soothing sound, at ease reclined,
To fancy's pleasing power I yield my mind :
And now enchanted scenes around me rise,
And some kind Ariel the soft air supplies :

Now lofty Pindus through the shades I view,
Where all the Nine their tuneful art pursue:
To me the sound the panting gale conveys,
And all my heart is ecstasy and praise!
Now to Arcadian plains at once convey'd,
Some shepherd's pipe delights his favourite maid;
Mix'd with the murmurs of a neighbouring stream,
I hear soft notes that suit an amorous theme!
Ah! then a victim to the fond deceit,
My heart begins with fierce desires to beat;
To fancied sighs I real sighs return,
By turns I languish, and by turns I burn.
Ah! Delia, haste! and here attentive prove,
Like me, that 'music is the voice of love;'
So shall I mourn my rustic strains no more,
While pleased you listen, who could frown before.

TO FEAR.

1758.

O THOU! dread foe of honour, wealth, and fame,
Whose touch can quell the strong, the fierce can
Relentless Fear! ah! why did fate ordain [tame,
My trembling heart to own thy iron reign?
There are, thrice happy, who disdain thy sway:
The merchant wandering o'er the watery way;
The chief serene before the' assaulted wall;
The climbing statesman, thoughtless of his fall;
All whom the love of wealth or power inspires,
And all who burn with proud ambition's fires;
But peaceful bards thy constant presence know,
O thou! of every glorious deed the foe!

Of thee the silent studious race complains,
 And learning groans, a captive in thy chains.
 The secret wish when some fair object moves,
 And cautious reason what we wish approves,
 Thy Gorgon-front forbids to grasp the prize,
 And seas are spread between, and mountains rise!
 Thy magic arts a thousand phantoms raise,
 And fancied deaths and dangers fill our ways;
 With smiling hope you wage eternal strife,
 And envious snatch the cup of joy from life.
 O, leave, tremendous power! the blameless breast,
 Of guilt alone the tyrant and the guest.
 Go, and thy train of sable horrors spread,
 Where Murder meditates the future dead;
 Where Rapine watches for the gloom of night,
 And lawless passion pants for other's right;
 Go to the bad—but from the good recede,
 No more the foe of every glorious deed!

STANZAS

ON READING MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

1766.

To Albion's bards the Muse of History spoke :
 ' Record the glories of your native land,
 How Power's rude chain her sons' brave efforts
 broke, [hand.
 And the keen scourge tore from Oppression's
 ' Give to renown the Patriot's noble deeds ;
 Brand with disgrace the Tyrant's hated name ;
 Though Falsehood oft a while the mind misleads,
 Impartial Time bestows impartial fame.'

She said ; and soon the lofty lyre they strung,
But artful changed the subject and the lore ;
Of kings, and courts, and courtly slaves they sung,
And gloss'd with vain applause their actions o'er.
The servile strain the Muse indignant heard ;
Anxious for truth, for public virtue warm,
She, Freedom's faithful advocate appear'd,
And bore on earth the fair Macaulay's form.

ELEGY

IN THE MANNER OF HAMMOND ;

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S
GARDEN, DURING A STORM. 1756.

BLOW on, ye winds ! exert your utmost rage,
Sweep o'er the dome, or through the forest howl !
Could north with south, or east with west engage,
What were their war to that within my soul ?

There adverse passions fierce contention hold,
There Love and Pride maintain alternate sway,
There fell Despair's dark clouds on clouds are
roll'd,

And veil Hope's transient, faint, delusive ray !

Too charming Sylvia ! dear capricious Fair !
What strange perplexing change of mind is thine !
No more thy smiles I'll trust, thy frowns I'll bear ;
I'll shun the beauty that must ne'er be mine !

Was it for thee I form'd this fair retreat, [away,
Bade through the grove the smooth walk wind
Adorn'd that walk with many a rustic seat,
And by those seats bade tinkling runnels stray ;

Along my sunny wall the fruit tree spread,
Upon my eaves exposed the curling vine,
Around my door the spicy woodbine led,
Beneath my window saw the jasmine twine?

Blow on, ye winds! exert your utmost power,
Rage through my groves, and bear down every
tree;

Blast the fair fruit, and crush the blooming
flower—

For Sylvia's lost, and these are nought to me!

THE

AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE.

1776.

FRIEND of my heart, by favouring Heaven be-
stow'd,

My loved companion on Life's various road!

Now six swift years have wing'd their flight
away

Since yon bright Sun adorn'd our nuptial day—

For thy sweet smiles, that all my cares remove,

Sooth all my griefs, and all my joys improve;

For thy sweet converse, ever framed to please,

With prudence lively, sensible with ease;

To thee the Muse awakes her tuneful lay,

The thanks of gratitude sincere to pay!

Thus long may Hymen hold for us his reign,

And twine with wreaths of flowers his easy chain;

Still may fond love and firmest faith be mine,

Still health, and peace, and happiness be thine!

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT MIDHURST IN SUSSEX,

ON THE AUTHOR'S RETURN FROM CHICHESTER, WHERE HE
HAD ATTEMPTED IN VAIN TO FIND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF
COLLINS¹.

To view the beauties of my native land,
O'er many a pleasing distant scene I rove :
Now climb the rock, or wander on the strand,
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.

From Baia's hills, from Portsea's spreading wave,
To fair Cicestria's lonely walls I stray ;
To her famed Poet's venerated grave,
Anxious my tribute of respect to pay.

O'er the dim pavement of the solemn fane,
Midst the rude stones that crowd the' adjoining
space,

The sacred spot I seek, but seek in vain ;
In vain I ask—for none can point the place.

What boots the eye, whose quick observant glance
Marks every nobler, every fairer form ?
What the skill'd ear, that sound's sweet charms
entrance,

And the fond breast with generous passion warm?

What boots the power each image to portray,
The power with force each feeling to express ?
How vain the hope that through Life's little day,
The soul with thought of future fame can bless !

¹ Since these Stanzas were written, a monument has been
raised to the memory of Collins in Chichester cathedral.

While Folly frequent boasts the insculptured tomb,
By Flattery's pen inscribed with purchased
praise ;

While rustic Labour's undistinguish'd doom
Fond Friendship's hand records in humble
phrase ;

Of Genius oft and Learning worse the lot ;
For them no care, to them no honour shown² ;
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
E'en Collins slumbers in a grave unknown.

Flow, Lavant, flow ! along thy sedgy shore [main !
Bear the fraught vessel from the neighbouring
Enrich thy sons !—but on thy banks no more
May lofty Poet breathe his tuneful strain !



VERSES

TO A FRIEND, PLANTING.

PROCEED, my friend, pursue thy healthful toil,
Dispose thy ground, and meliorate thy soil ;
Range thy young plants in walks, or clumps, or
bowers,

Diffuse o'er sunny banks thy fragrant flowers ;
And, while the new creation round thee springs,
Enjoy uncheck'd the guiltless bliss it brings :
But hope no more. Though Fancy forward stray
There scenes of distant pleasure to survey,

² This censure may seem too general ; perhaps it is so. But must it not be allowed that the public is capricious in bestowing its honours ? Does not Westminster Abbey show monuments erected to men, or poets, who had little title to the name, while it contains no memorials of writers of far superior merit ?

To' expatiate fondly o'er the future grove,
The happy haunt of Friendship and of Love;
Know, each fair image, form'd within thy mind,
Far wide of truth thy sickening sight shall find!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHILE thou far hence on Albion's southern shore
View'st her white rocks, and hear'st her ocean
 roar; [*stray.*

Through scenes, where we together stray'd, I
And think o'er talk of many a long past day.

That favourite park now tempts my steps again,
On whose green turf so oft at ease we have lain ;
While Hertford's turrets rose in prospect fair,
And my fond thought beheld my Sylvia there ;
And much the Muse rehearsed in careless lays
The Lover's sufferings and the Beauty's praise.

Those elm-crown'd fields now oft my walk in-
vite.

Whence Lea's wide vale lies pleasant to the sight ;
Where, as our view o'er towns and villas roll'd,
Our fancy imag'd how they look'd of old : [ers,
When Gothic mansions there uprear'd their tow-
Their halls for banquet, and for rest their bowers.

But, O my friend ! whene'er I seek these scenes
Of lovely prospects and delightful greens,
Regardless idly of the joy possess'd,
I dream of days to come, of days more bless'd,
When thou with me shalt wander here once more,
And we shall talk again our favourite topics o'er.

On Time's smooth current as we glide along,
Thus Expectation ever tunes her song:

¹ Supposed to have been addressed to Mr. Turner. See Amwell.

‘ Fair these green banks with gaudy flowerets bloom,

Sweet breathe these gales, diffusing rich perfume,
Heed, heed them not, but carelessly pass by,
To-morrow fairer sweeter will supply.’

To-morrow comes—the same the Siren’s lay—

‘ To-morrow sweeter gales, and flowerets still more gay.’

THE SHEPHERD’S ELEGY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN INGENIOUS FRIEND.

UPON a bank with spreading boughs o’erhung,
Of pollard oak, brown elm, and hornbeam gray,
The faded fern and russet grass among,
While rude winds swept the yellow leaves away,
And scatter’d o’er the ground the wild fruits lay;
As from the churchyard came the village throng,
Down sata rural bard, and raised his mournful song.

‘ Nature’s best gifts, alas, in vain we prize!
The powers that please, the powers that pleasure
For O, with them, in full proportion, rise [gain!
The powers of giving and of feeling pain! [strain?
Why from my breast now bursts this plaintive
Genius, my friend! with all its charms was thine,
And sensibility too exquisite is mine!

‘ There low he lies!—that head in dust reposed,
Whose active thought scann’d every various
Closed is that eye, for ever, ever closed, [theme!
Whence wont the blaze of sentiment to beam!
Mute is that tongue, whence flow’d the copious
Of eloquence, whose moral lore so rare [stream
Delighted and improved the listening young and fair.

‘ Witness for me, ye rain-polluted rills;
Ye desert meads, that one brown hue display;
Ye rude east winds, whose breath the dank air
 chills;
Ye hovering clouds, that veil the sun’s faint ray!
Witness, as annual here my steps shall stray,
How his dear image thought shall still recall,
And oft the sigh shall heave, and oft the tear
 shall fall!’

As cease the murmurs of the mantling pool,
As cease the whispers of the poplar spray,
While o’er the vale the white mist rises cool
At the calm sunset of a summer’s day—
So softly, sweetly ceased the Shepherd’s lay:
While down the pathway to the hamlet plain
Return’d, with lingering steps, the pensive rural
 train.

ON

SIR WILLIAM JONES’S

ELEGANT TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS OF EASTERN
POETRY, AND HIS RESOLUTION TO DECLINE TRANSLATING
THE PERSIAN POETS.

THE Asian Muse, a stranger fair!
Becomes at length Britannia’s care;
And Hafiz’ lays, and Sadi’s strains,
Resound along our Thames’s plains.
They sing not all of streams and bowers,
Or banquet scenes, or social hours;
Nor all of beauty’s blooming charms,
Or War’s rude fields, or feats of arms;

But Freedom's lofty notes sincere,
And Virtue's moral lore severe.
But, ah! they sing for us no more!
The scarcely tasted pleasure's o'er!
For he, the Bard whose tuneful art
Can best their varied themes impart—
For he, alas! the task declines;
And Taste, at loss irreparable, repines.

HYMN,

FROM THE EIGHTH PSALM.

ALMIGHTY Power! amazing are thy ways,
Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
How all thy works thy excellence display!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven upraised,
Yon wide-extended heaven with stars emblazed,
Where each bright orb, since Time his course
 began,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or shined a sun:
Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!
A point, an atom, in the field of space!
Yet e'en to us, O Lord! thy care extends;
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends:
Yet e'en to us, as delegates of thee,
Thou givest dominion over land and sea;
Whate'er or walks on earth or flits in air,
Whate'er of life the watery regions bear,
All these are ours; and, for the' extensive claim,
We owe due homage to thy sacred Name!
Almighty Power! how wondrous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praise!

HYMN,

FROM THE SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

PRAISE to the' Almighty Lord of heaven, arise!
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the
 skies;

Who o'er his works extends paternal care,
 Whose kind protection all the nations share;
 From the glad climes whence morn, in beauty
 dress'd,

Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west;

On him alone their whole dependance lies,

And his rich mercy every want supplies.

O thou, great Author of the' extended whole,

Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll:

By thee spring, summer, autumn, winter rise,

Thou givest the frowning, thou the smiling skies;

By thy command the softening shower distils,

Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;

Then favouring sunshine o'er the clime extends,

And, bless'd by thee, the verdant blade ascends:

Next Spring's gay products clothe the flowery
 hills,

And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;

Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,

And bids thy harvest crown the fruitful year:

Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,

And Nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.

CONCLUSION.

To a friend.

WHEN erst the' enthusiast Fancy's reign
Indulged the wild, romantic thought,
That wander'd midst Arcadian vales,
Sicilian streams, Arabian gales ;
Bless'd climes, with wondrous pleasures fraught,
Sweet pleasures, unalloy'd with pain !

When Observation's calmer view
Remark'd the real state of things ;
Whate'er amusive one obtain'd,
Whate'er of use the other gain'd,
To thee my verse a tribute brings,
A tribute to thy friendship due.

Accept then this, nor more require :
The Muse no further task essays :
But midst the silvan scenes she loves,
The falling rills, and whispering groves,
With smiles her labours past surveys,
And quits the syrinx and the lyre.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE author, in the course of his literary inquiries, has had reason to believe that the productions of some writers have not unfrequently received very considerable alterations and improvements from the hands of their friends. What he has been told of others may possibly be suspected of himself; he therefore takes the liberty to observe, that, although he has often derived advantage from the judicious remarks of a few kind acquaintance, to whom his MSS. have been shown, he is not indebted to them, nor indeed to any person, for the insertion of a single line.

From the works of preceding poets, memory has sometimes supplied him with turns of expression, which, at the instant of composing, he imagined were his own; and at other times he has happened on lines used by writers, whose performances he had not then seen. Some instances of such unconscious plagiarism, and accidental coincidence, are here pointed out, as matter of curiosity; others may possibly exist, though he is not apprized of them.

Blows not a floweret in the' enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble, &c.

Elegies, Descriptive and Moral.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore—

Shenstone's Ode after Sickness.

Perhaps Shenstone was indebted to Akenside:

————— Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends—————

Pleasures of Imagination, book iii.

But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

Elegies, Descriptive and Moral.

Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise.

Addison to Dryden.

Or rear the new bound sheaves along the lands.

Elegies, Descriptive and Moral.

Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

Hammond, Elegy xiii.

No more those nostrils breathe the vital air.

Elegies, Descriptive and Moral.

That while my nostrils draw the vital air.

Pope, Rape of the Lock, canto iv.

In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie.

Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

In one lone spot their mouldering ashes lie.

Keate's Ruins of Netley Abbey, 1764.

Of classic lore accompanied my walk.

Amwell.

In sumptuous cars accompanied his march.

Leonidas, book viii.

And his wild eyeballs roll with horrid glare.

Arabian Eclogue.

And his red eyeballs roll with living fire.

Dryden's Meleager and Atalanta.

And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.

Indian Eclogue.

The cities no inhabitant contain'd.

Fawkes's Song of Deborah.

Again he look'd, again he sigh'd.

Ode—The Evening Walk.

And sigh'd and look'd—

Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

There Poverty, grim spectre! rose.

Ode—Written after a Journey to Bristol.

Scared at the spectre of pale Poverty.

Pope's Imitation of Horace, book ii. epist. i.

Each pastoral sight, and every pastoral sound.

Epistles.—The Garden.

Designedly imitated from Milton :

Each rural sight, each rural sound.—

And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.

Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

All pure as blossoms which are newly blown.

Wm. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.

Davies's edition of Browne's Works was published in 1772. The author had never seen any of the old editions, nor any extract from them.

Haste, bring my steed supreme in strength and grace,
First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase.

Arabian Eclogue.

This Eclogue was written in 1777. In a volume of Poems by the ingenious Mr. Maurice, printed

in 1779, the author met with the following near resemblance :

Full fifty steeds I boast of swiftest pace,
Fierce in the fight, and foremost in the race.

In the Amœbæan Eclogue, entitled 'The Describers,' a part of the imagery bears a considerable resemblance to some descriptions in a little collection of pleasing Sonnets, by Mr. Bampfylde, 1778; which collection the author never saw till after his own volume was printed. This is a proof that two writers, both painting from Nature, will often unknowingly coincide very nearly in selection, arrangement, and expression.

THE
POEMS
OF
John Logan.



THE
LIFE OF JOHN LOGAN.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

JOHN LOGAN was the youngest son of a small farmer at Soutra, in the county of Mid Lothian, and was born about the latter end of the year 1747, or the beginning of 1748. Where he received the early rudiments of education is not known; but it is certain that, some time before 1762, his father removed to Gosford Mains, in East Lothian, and that young Logan was sent to the school at Musselburgh. Both his parents were rigid dissenters, of the class denominated Burgher seceders; and, while he remained at Musselburgh, he was boarded with an old woman of the same religious persuasion; probably, as some have supposed, for the purpose of preventing his sectarian principles from being perverted. 'By her he was made to read the Scriptures every evening with a whining tone, which seldom failed to lull her into a profound sleep, insomuch that, upon some

occasion, when her physician had ordered a quieting dose for her, the servant maid archly observed, 'that there was no need for his stuff, as her mistress would soon fall into rest if she heard the young scholar begin to read the Bible.'

In November, 1762, his removal to the university of Edinburgh took place, and it was there that he contracted a warm friendship with Michael Bruce, and with Dr. Robertson, afterwards minister of Dalmeny, who were his class fellows. In the learned languages he acquired an uncommon proficiency; in geometry, logic, and metaphysics, his attainments, though far above mediocrity, were less extensive. In the perusal of poetry, however, he delighted, and his taste was formed upon excellent models. From admiring to imitating is an easy step; and, in the summers of 1765 and 1766, he frequently amused himself with the composition of verse. When he was not more than nineteen, he was so universally spoken of, in the vicinity of his residence, as a youth of superior abilities, that he attracted the notice of Lord Elibank, an eccentric but enlightened nobleman; and those abilities also gained him the intimacy of Dr. Main, the minister of Athelstaneford, who encouraged him to aspire to the name of poet, revised his productions, and kindly spread in the surrounding district the fame of his merit.

It was in 1765 that Logan commenced the study of theology. The rigour of his sectarian principles, which once threatened to surpass that of his parents, had for some time been abating, and in this year his prejudices entirely gave way, and he ceased to be a separatist from the established church of Scotland. His first theological exercise, at the divinity hall, is said to have contained bold thoughts and splendid passages, but to have been unequal, there having

been 'less attention paid to the meaning of the text, and the connexion of its parts, than to brilliancy of sentiment and expression.' This fault, common to young writers, was mildly pointed out to him by Professor Hamilton, and he was not again guilty of it.

When he returned to Edinburgh, in 1766, Logan attended the course of lectures, on rhetoric and elegant literature, which was given by Dr. Blair. It was the custom of the professor to assign, annually, to each of the students, a paper in the *Spectator*, on which the student was to write critical remarks; and the paper and the remarks were afterwards made the subject of a lecture, pointing out their beauties and defects. On his first attempt in critical disquisition, the comments of Logan were of such excellence, both in sentiment and language, that they not only called forth publicly the warmest praise from the professor, but also gained for their author the countenance and friendship of that gentleman. A second trial, in the following year, fully sustained the reputation of Logan, whose conduct in point of diligence and correctness had also been unexceptionable; and Dr. Blair, therefore, did not hesitate to recommend him to Mr. Sinclair, of Ulbster, as qualified to be private tutor to his son, the present Sir John Sinclair.

In the summer of 1768 Logan accompanied the Sinclair family to Caithness. He seems, however, not to have remained more than a year in this situation. The distance at which it placed him from his friends and from the metropolis is said to have been the reason of his relinquishing it; to which may, perhaps, be added the natural dislike of dependence. He was likewise desirous to publish the poems of his deceased friend, Michael Bruce, the manuscript copies of which he had obtained. Those poems ac-

cordingly appeared in 1770, in a small volume, which included some pieces of Logan's own composition¹.

After having passed with honour through a rigid examination in divinity, and given for a considerable period splendid proofs of his abilities as a preacher, Logan was, in 1773, ordained one of the ministers of Leith. About two years subsequent to his ordination he was chosen a member of the committee, appointed by the General Assembly, to revise the psalmody of the Scottish church, and he entered with the utmost ardour on an employment so congenial. He was the largest contributor to the work, and undoubtedly the most distinguished for poetical talents. The united labours of the committee came forth in 1781, with the title of 'Translations and Paraphrases.' In the same year Logan collected and published his own poems.

The peace of Logan was destroyed by circumstances which, at the outset, seemed to promise to him fame and fortune. In the winter of 1779 he began, at Edinburgh, a course of Lectures on the Philosophy of History, which he continued in the following year. For this purpose he had been long and assiduously engaged in arranging materials, and with success commensurate to his exertions; for his lectures are said to have displayed extensive knowledge, deep research, and judicious arrangement. In the first year his audience was respectable; in the second it was both respectable and numerous. Such was the approbation with which he was heard that he was encouraged to hope that he might be appointed to the Professorship of Universal History,

¹ The anonymous biographer of Logan, who was acquainted with him, assigns to him the Ode to Paoli, which, in this collection, is printed among the poems of Bruce, and also the episode of Levina in the poem of Lochleven.

which was then vacant. His hopes were, however, blighted by the patrons, who, having invariably presented to the office a member of the Faculty of Advocates, now adhered to their rule, and fixed their choice on Mr. Fraser Tytler. The disappointment was a cruel blow to Logan; and the more so as the talents of the new professor left but little chance to a rival lecturer. Logan soon found that his lectures ceased to be encouraged, and he in consequence discontinued them. He, however, published an analysis of them, under the title of 'Elements of the Philosophy of History,' and one complete lecture, as an 'Essay on the Manners of Asia.'

This shock was soon followed by one more severe. His poems had met with such a favourable reception that a second edition was speedily called for. It is probable that their success induced him to believe that a drama from his pen would be received with equal approbation. In 1783 he offered the tragedy of 'Runnamede' to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, by whom it was accepted, and even put in rehearsal. But while he was perhaps anticipating the possession of emolument and public applause, his golden visions were destroyed by the interference of the Lord Chamberlain. The title of the ill fated play had probably excited disgust in the mind of the noble censor, and, under pretence that the work contained dangerous or offensive political matter, the performance of it was prohibited. It was printed in the same year, and brought out on the Edinburgh Theatre; but it excited little interest, and was quickly banished from the stage. Of this tragedy I have seen nothing more than copious extracts, and will therefore give no opinion respecting it; but all the critics agree that, as a theatrical piece, it is exceedingly defective; and Mr. Campbell pronounces it 'not to exhibit in its contents any

thing calculated to agitate either poetical or political feelings.'

This was not the sole vexation of which his tragedy was the cause. The spirit of bigotry, which had driven the author of 'Douglas' from the church, was not yet extinct in Scotland. It was charged against Logan as a heinous crime, that he had violated the sacredness of his profession, by becoming a writer for the stage; and it was also urged by some of his flock, that his attachment to literary pursuits prevented him from fulfilling, with proper diligence, his pastoral duties. Of these charges one was certainly absurd, and the other perhaps was false. But unfortunately there was a third charge, which was more weighty and less easily to be disproved. Logan was constitutionally subject to fits of depression, which his recent disappointments had doubtless aggravated, and he is said to have resorted to inebriety for relief. Many who remembered his past zeal and propriety of conduct were willing to wink a while at his present irregularities in the hope that he would ere long renounce them; but the majority of his parishioners had neither charity to forgive his errors, nor patience to wait till he had amended them; and he consequently found it expedient to accede to their proposal, that he should relinquish his living to a Mr. Dickson, and retire on a moderate annuity.

It was in the autumn of 1785 that Logan quitted the ministry, and he immediately set off for London. Of his literary labours, while he was a resident in the metropolis, nothing more is known than that he was a contributor to the English Review, and that he wrote an animated and severe refutation of the Articles of Impeachment against Mr. Hastings. For the defence of Mr. Hastings the publisher was prosecuted by order of the House of Commons, and

he owed his acquittal to one of the most splendid orations which was ever heard at the bar, from the lips of Mr. Erskine.

Logan died in Marlborough Street, at the age of forty, on the 28th of December, 1788. 'The end of Logan (says his anonymous biographer) was truly Christian. When he became too weak to hold a book, he employed his time in hearing such young persons as visited him read the Scriptures. His conversation turned chiefly on serious subjects, and was most affecting and instructive. He foresaw and prepared for the approach of death, gave directions about his funeral with the utmost composure, and dictated a distinct and judicious will, appointing Dr. Donald Grant, and his ancient and steady friend Dr. Robertson, his executors; and bequeathing to them his property, books, and MSS. to be converted into money, for the payment of legacies to those relations and friends who had the strongest claims upon his affectionate remembrance in his dying moments.'

Logan left in manuscript the finished tragedies of 'Electra' and 'The Wedding Day;' two unfinished tragedies, 'The Carthaginian Heroine' and 'Mary Queen of Scots;' a few lyric poems; eight numbers of an intended paper called *The Guardian*; above thirty lectures on Roman and Universal History; and two volumes of Sermons. Of all these works the Sermons alone have yet seen the light. They were published in 1790 and 1791, have passed through several editions, and are still popular.

With respect to the poetical merits of Logan, we may yield our assent to the following observations of the biographer who has just been quoted. 'Logan's character as a poet is easily conceived. Simplicity, elegance, and taste, are the genuine features of his composition. His style, peculiarly

chaste and delicate, is finely suited to natural, tender, or pathetic description, in which principally he excels. When he attempts to move beyond his proper sphere, to soar with Milton, to catch the fire of Shakspeare, or the energy of Dryden, he does not succeed so well. We perceive, it is true, the execution of a skilful hand, but labouring as with a task in the toils of composition.'



ODES.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid !
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold !
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb !

Untimely gone ! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red ;
'The' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas ! the cheek where beauty glow'd ;
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And ' dust to dust ' the mourner cries.

O, from thy kindred early torn,
 And to thy grave untimely borne!
 Vanish'd for ever from my view,
 Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair, with my first ideas twined,
 Thine image oft will meet my mind;
 And, while remembrance brings thee near,
 Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head
 Before we dwell among the dead!
 Scarce in the years of manly prime,
 I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
 What deaths we suffer ere we die!
 Our broken friendships we deplore,
 And loves of youth that are no more!

No afterfriendship e'er can raise
 The' endearments of our early days;
 And ne'er the heart such fondness prove
 As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
 And love, the blossom of an hour;
 The spring of fancy cares control,
 And mar the beauty of the soul.

Versed in the commerce of deceit,
 How soon the heart forgets to beat!
 The blood runs cold at Interest's call:—
 They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely Nature is expell'd,
 And Friendship is romantic held;
 Then Prudence comes with hundred eyes:
 The veil is rent—the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's pass'd;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!



TO WOMEN.

YE virgins! fond to be admired,
With mighty rage of conquest fired,
And universal sway;
Who heave the' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd diyine :
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret with a sigh,
 ' O, were that maiden mine !'

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms ;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymphlike robe, the natural grace ;
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art ;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart :

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast ;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul express'd :

Your beauties these : with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world ;
Then to your court the nations flow ;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer noon's meridian glow,
 We turn our aching eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain, all serene,
 Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of Beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
 The virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
 Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
 With purple and with gold!
See spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
 And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love the' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chase,
 And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends
 The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal;
 Mysterious are your laws!
The vision finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
 So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more than if display'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless Innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind
That stains the body or the mind
Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly fine,
Is Nature's handy work divine,
And not the web of Art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary Winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the sky,
With all the pride of Spring;
Now heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wanton verdant food
Beside the well known rills ;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain
Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
While many echoes send again
The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
Her solitary way ;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand in hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
The ear-enchanting lay.

Maria, come ! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new sprung flower ;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood ;
O, come, thou fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower !

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale
And opens in the sun ;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love,
Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now thy spring of life appears,
Fair in the morning of thy years,

And May of beauty crown'd :
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies ;—
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day ;
But, ah ! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing ;
'Tis Nature's voice, ' O, pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while the opening leaves disclose
The incense of the Spring !'

What youth, high favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That Nature has in store ?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine ;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine ;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more ?

Not happier the primeval pair,
When new made earth, supremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin Spring ;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the Muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown :—
No other theme than you I'll choose,

Than you invoke no other Muse :
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo ;
Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of Nature and of you !

TO SLEEP.

IN vain I court, till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night ;
Restless, from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn !

Oh, Sleep ! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise ;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dew.

Bless'd be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

MARIA, bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go
The pride of all the park:
Attracted groups in silence gaze,
And soft behind you hear the praise
And whisper of the spark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round:
The maids and kindling youths behold
Your triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of Beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or fashion's whispering zephyr plays,

The insect tribe attends ;
Gay glittering through a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a sun descends.

Divorced from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies ;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods ! shall a sordid son of earth
Infold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine ;
An angel bless unconscious arms ?
The circle of surrender'd charms
Unhallow'd hands entwine ?

The absent day, the broken dream,
The vision wild, the sudden scream,
Tears that unbidden flow !——
Ah ! let no sense of griefs profound
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe !

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
And Fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than Nature's bloom ;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unsetting suns your promised hours
With golden light illumine.

A hand, advancing, strikes the bell !
That sound dissolves the magic spell,

And all the charm is gone!
The visionary landscape flies :
At once the' aerial music dies ;
In wilds you walk alone.

Howe'er the wind of Fortune blows,
Or sadly severing Fate dispose
Our everlasting doom ;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb !

My God ! the pangs of nature pass'd,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah ! should that first of finer forms
Require, through life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul ;
The loved Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

TO A MAN OF LETTERS,

Lo, winter's hoar dominion pass'd!
Arrested in his eastern blast
The fiend of nature flies ;
Breathing the spring, the zephyrs play,
And reenthroned the lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary shades and flowers
For rural lovers spring ;
Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
The silvan Muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
Arise to vanish soon ;
The rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour assign'd ;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confess a nobler hand ;
Throned in the majesty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did the' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang the' eternal lamps on high
On one abode to shine ;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling Nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
And streams of old renown ;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion mid the stars,
And wear the' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
With never setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
The provinces of mind ;
An Egypt¹, with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows ;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the' ethereal flame ;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame,

The orb which ruled thy natal night,
And usher'd in a greater light
Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks the' eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

¹ The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the masters of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides press'd,
The awful goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize —
' Behold the wreath of glory shine!
And mark the onward path divine
That opens to the skies!

' The heavenly fire must ever burn,
The hero's step must never turn
From yon sublime abodes:
Long must thy life of labours prove
At last to die the son of Jove,
And mingle with the gods.'

MONIMIA.

An Ode.

IN weeds of sorrow wildly dight,
Alone, beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,

And evil spirits reign'd ;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd aisle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill boding prophet, plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gazed upon the wave ;
Then, raising wild to heaven her eyes,
With sobs and broken accent, cries,
' I'll meet thee in the grave.'

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumined by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove ;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And, sweetly mournful, sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree ;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow :
' She mourns her mate, like me.

' I loved my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smiled,
And wanton'd o'er the green ;
He train'd my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
To crown me rural queen.

' My brother died before his day ;
Sad, through the churchyard's dreary way,

We wont to walk at eve ;
And bending o'er the' untimely urn,
Long at the monument to mourn,
And look upon his grave.

' Like forms funereal while we stand,
In tender mood he held my hand,
And laid his cheek to mine ;
My bosom beat unknown alarms,
We wept in one another's arms,
And mingled tears divine.

' From sweet compassion love arose,
Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
And pair'd upon the tomb ;
Attesting all the Powers above,
A fond romance of fancied love
We vow'd our days to come.

' A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
Implored a mutual mind ;
Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
But Harry's footsteps never flew
The wonted scene to find.

' Three nights in dire suspense I sat
Alone ; the fourth convey'd my fate,
Sent from a foreign shore ;—
“ Go where thy wandering wishes tend,
Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
You never see me more ! ” —

' Despair ! distraction ! I obey'd,
And one disorder'd moment made

An ever wretched wife;
Ah! in the circuit of one sun,
Heaven! I was wedded, and undone,
And desolate for life!

' Apart my wedding robes I tore,
And guarded tears now gushing o'er
Distain'd the bridal bed:
While I invoked the funeral yell,
And sought devoted now to dwell
For ever with the dead.

' My lord to Indian climates went;
A letter from my lover sent
Renew'd eternal woes;—
“ Before my love my last words greet,
Wrapp'd in the weary windingsheet,
I in the dust repose!

“ Perhaps your parents have deceived,
Perhaps too rashly I believed
A tale of treacherous art;
Monimia! could you now behold
The youth you loved in sorrows old,
Oh! it would break thy heart!

“ Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant solitary shade,
Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
For you I fled my native sky:
Loaded with life, for you I die;
My love, remember me!”

' Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,



Drawn by Rich.^d Whistell, R.A.

Engraved by Aust. Gordon.

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The throbs that lovers send ;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms ;
My God ! is this the end !'

She said, and, rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour

The promontory steep ;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
The dashing of the deep :

' Waves that resound from shore to shore !
Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
Of ocean, storm, and wind ;
Your elemental war is tame
To that which rages in my frame,
The battle of the mind !'

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood,

The victim of despair ;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
' My God ! my father ! where !'—

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood ;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plunged into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save ;

The shriek of death arose !
At once she sunk to rise no more ;
And sadly sounding to the shore
The parted billows close !

WRITTEN IN

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis pass'd ! No more the summer blooms !
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year !
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods ;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O, let me wander through the sounding woods.
Ah ! well known streams ! Ah ! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind !
Oh ! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind !
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last ;
The wild flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear !
Alas ! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a deathlike shade !

The charm is vanish'd from the vales ;
 No voice with virgin-whisper hails
 A stranger to his native bowers :
 No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
 Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
 The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers !

Companions of the youthful scene,
 Endear'd from earliest days !
 With whom I sported on the green,
 Or roved the woodland maze !
 Long exiled from your native clime,
 Or by the thunderstroke of Time
 Snatch'd to the shadows of despair ;
 I hear your voices in the wind,
 Your forms in every walk I find,
 I stretch my arms : ye vanish into air !

My steps, when innocent and young,
 These fairy paths pursued ;
 And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung
 My fancies to the wood.
 I mourn'd the linnet lover's fate,
 Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
 Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail :
 Or, while the mournful vision rose,
 I sought to weep for imaged woes,
 Nor real life believed a tragic tale !

Alas ! misfortune's cloud unkind
 May summer soon o'ercast ;
 And cruel fate's untimely wind
 All human beauty blast !
 The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
 And promised fruits, and cherish'd flowers,

The hopes of life in embryo sweeps ;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps !

Relentless power ! whose fated stroke

O'er wretched man prevails !

Ha ! love's eternal chain is broke,

And friendship's covenant fails !

Upbraiding forms ! a moment's ease—

O memory ! how shall I appease

The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost ?

What charm can bind the gushing eye ?

What voice console the' incessant sigh,

And everlasting longings for the lost ?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood

That hides me in its gloom,

While lost in melancholy mood

I muse upon the tomb.

Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed,

Whirling in eddies o'er my head,

They sadly sigh, that Winter's near :

The warning voice I hear behind,

That shakes the wood without a wind,

And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,

The sorrowing sense to steep ;

Nor drink oblivion of the themes

On which I love to weep.

Belated oft by fabled rill,

While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill

Aerial music seems to mourn ;

I'll listen Autumn's closing strain ;

Then woo the walks of youth again,

And pour my sorrows o'er the' untimely urn !

MISCELLANIES.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

‘ THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

‘ He promised me a milkwhite steed,
To bear me to his father’s bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father’s towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix’d to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

‘ Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!

Scarce was he gone I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

‘ His mother from the window look’d,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk’d
The greenwood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

‘ No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother ;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

‘ The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I’ll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I’ll sleep in Yarrow.’
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

SONG.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The moon in her beauty appears ;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears :
 Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
 I sigh——Can a lover do more ?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove ?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
 My bosom is all in a glow ; [ear
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
 Ye powers of the sky ! will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

THE LOVERS.

The Lovers, in the following poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.

HARRIET.

'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
A while the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates:
No tread reechoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night,—
O, come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O, take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal on the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;

A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire,

The howlet screams ill boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs—
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies—Away, my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

HENRY.

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And Nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I loved thee; long have sought;
And dangers braved, and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end:
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!
My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

HARRIET.

I fear to go—I dare not stay.
Look back.—I dare not look that way.

HENRY.

No evil ever shall betide
My love while I am at her side.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend;
The arms that fold thee will defend.

HARRIET.

Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bathed in tears;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!—to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

HENRY.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!
Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose;
From adverse briers that threatening stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,

Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

HARRIET.

My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embraced, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears:
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.
An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures Love had plann'd;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower:
If like the past the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head!
What tears may I have yet to shed!

HENRY.

O, do not wound that gentle breast;
Nor sink with fancied ills oppress'd;
For softness, sweetness, all thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.
Long on the ocean tempest-toss'd,
At last we gain the happy coast;

And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings pass'd, and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings!

HARRIET.

My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd,
Ye woods, that wrapp'd me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land, adieu!
O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still utter'd with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smiled,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguiled;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell!

HENRY.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine.
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;
The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.

They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of Love unfolds her flowers;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal:
Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.
Like cherubs new come from the skies,
Henries and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run;
You clasp the husband in the son;
O, how the mother's heart will bound!
O, how the father's joy be crown'd!

A TALE.

WHERE pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's classic ground
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle ;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose from rebel rage
To save the British crown ;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But to the ploughshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease ;
And in the arbour which he rear'd
He raised the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solaced a father's care ;
And all the country bless'd the name
Of Emily the fair.

The picture of her mother's youth
(Now sainted in the sky) ;
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart ;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe :

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had roved,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he loved.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole ;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling through the soul.
The graces that for Nature fair
Present us mimic Art,
The false refinements that refine
Away the human heart,
She knew not; in the simple robe
Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleased,
Without the thought to please.
Instruct the' unplanted forest crab
To leave its genius wild ;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
And make the savage mild :
But who would give the rose a hue
Which Nature has not given ?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heaven ?
The father, watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found ;
And, bless'd himself, he stretch'd his hand
To bless the neighbours round.
A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law ;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.
Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his store ;
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? A hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The sun that, rising, saw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of winter whistled loud
And shrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow;
At times he stopp'd to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie;
' Beneath the covert of this rock,
My daughter, let us die!'

At midnight, in the weary waste,
In sorrow sat the pair;
She chafed his shivering hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntary flow'd;

No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

' In yonder hall my fathers lived,
In yonder hall they died ;
Now in that churchyard's aisle they sleep,
Each by his spouse's side.

' Oft have I made yon hall resound
With social, sweet delight ;
And marked not the morning hour,
That stole upon the night.

' When there the wanderers of the dark,
Reposing, ceased to roam ;
And strangers, happy in the hall,
Did find themselves at home ;

' I little thought that, thus forlorn,
In deserts I should bide,
And have not where to lay the head
Amid the world so wide !'

A stranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the hapless pair ;
Long did he look in silence sad,
Then shriek'd, as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell ;

' Alas, my master, have I lived
To bid your house farewell !

' But I will never bid adieu
To him I prized so high :
As with my master I have lived,
I'll with my master die.

- ‘ I saw the summer friend, who shared
The banquet in your hall,
Depart, nor cast one look behind
On the forsaken wall.
- ‘ I saw the daily, nightly guest,
The changing scene forsake;
Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
The long farewell to take:
- ‘ Then to the service of my lord
I vow’d a throbbing heart;
And in the changes of your life
To bear an humble part.
- ‘ Forgive the fond, officious zeal
Of one that loves his lord!
The new possessor of your field
A suppliant I implored.
- ‘ I told the treachery of your friend,
The story of your woe,
And sought his favour, when I saw
His tears begin to flow.
- ‘ I ask’d the hamlet of the hill,
The lone, sequester’d seat,
Your chosen haunt and favourite bower,
To be your last retreat.
- ‘ I offer’d, what was all your own,
The gold I had in store;
Low at his feet I fell, and wept
That I could give no more.
- “ Your gold is yours (the generous youth
With gentle accent said);
Your master’s be that little field,
And cheerful be his shed!”

' Now Heaven has heard my prayer; I've wish'd
I could in part repay
The favours your extended hand
Bestow'd from day to day.

' I yet may see a garland green
Upon the hoary head;
Yet see my master bless'd before
I dwell among the dead !'

In silence Arthur look'd to heaven,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand ;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening heaven the moon appear'd ;
Fair was the face of night ;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars ;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resumed the pilgrim's staff ;
They held their lonely way
Dim through the forest's darksome bourn,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and closed
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
The destined hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiss'd a falling tear ;

' I have my all, ye gracious powers !
I have my daughter here !'

A sober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes;
The faggot blazed, the window glanced,
The heart of age arose :

‘ I would not be that guilty man,
With all his golden store;
Nor change my lot with any wretch
That counts his thousands o’er.

‘ Now here at last we are at home,
We can no lower fall;
Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,
As in the lordly hall.

‘ The wants of Nature are but few ;
Her banquet soon is spread :
The tenant of the vale of tears
Requires but daily bread.

‘ The food that grows in every field
Will life and health prolong ;
And water from the spring suffice
To quench the thirsty tongue.

‘ But all the Indies, with their wealth,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Will never quench the sickly thirst
And craving of disease.

‘ My humble garden to my hand
Contentment’s feast will yield ;
And, in the season, harvest white
Will load my little field.

‘ Like Nature’s simple children, here,
With Nature’s self we ’ll live,
And of the little that is left
Have something still to give.

- ‘ The sad vicissitudes of life
Long have I learn’d to bear;
But, oh! my daughter, thou art new
To sorrow and to care!
- ‘ How shall that fine and flowery form,
In silken folds confined,
That scarcely faced the summer’s gale,
Endure the wintry wind?
- ‘ Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky
With angry tempest red!
How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
That’s hanging o’er thy head!
- ‘ Whate’er thy justice dooms, O God!
I take with temper mild;
But, oh! repay it thousand fold
In blessings on my child!’
- ‘ Weep not for me, thou father fond!
(The virgin soft did say;)
Could I contribute to thy peace,
O, I would bless the day!
- ‘ The parent who provides for all
For us will now provide;
These hands have learn’d the gayer arts
Of elegance and pride:
- ‘ What once amused a vacant hour
Shall now the day engage;
And Vanity shall spread the board
Of Poverty and Age.
- ‘ At eventide how blithe we’ll meet,
And, while the faggots blaze,
Recount the trifles of the time,
And dream of better days!

‘ I’ll read the tragic tales of old,
To sooth a father’s woes;
I’ll lay the pillow for thy head,
And sing thee to repose.’

The father wept; ‘ Thy wondrous hand,
Almighty, I adore!
I had not known how bless’d I was,
Had I not been so poor!

‘ Now bless’d be God for what is left!
And bless’d for what is given!
Thou art an angel, O my child!
With thee I dwell in heaven!’

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the pastoral plain:
But who describes a summer’s day,
Or paints the halcyon main?

One day a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threshold press’d;
’Twas then that Arthur’s humble roof
Had first received a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
‘ I come from foreign climes;
From countries red with Indian blood,
And stain’d with Christian crimes.

‘ O, may Britannia never hear
What these sad eyes have seen!
May an eternal veil be drawn
That world and this between!

‘ No frantic avarice fired my soul,
And Heaven my wishes crown’d;
For soon a fortune to my mind
With innocence I found.

- ‘ From exile sad, returning home,
I kiss’d the sacred earth;
And flew to find my native woods
And walls that gave me birth.
- ‘ To church on Sunday fond I went,
In hopes to mark, unseen,
All my old friends assembled round
The circle of the green.
- ‘ Alas, the change that time had made!
My ancient friends were gone;
Another race possess’d the walls,
And I was left alone!
- ‘ A stranger among strangers, long
I look’d from pew to pew;
But not the face of one old friend
Rose imaged to my view.
- ‘ The horrid plough had razed the green,
Where we have often play’d;
The axe had fell’d the hawthorn tree,
The schoolboy’s summer shade.
- ‘ One maid, the beauty of the vale,
To whom I vow’d my care,
And gave my heart, had fled away,
And none could tell me where.
- ‘ My cares and toils in foreign climes
Were for that peerless maid;
She rose in beauty by my side:
My toils were all repaid,
- ‘ By Indian streams I sat alone,
While on my native isle
And on my ancient friends I thought,
And wept the weary while.

‘Twas she that cheer’d my captive hours,
She came in every dream,
As, smiling, on the rear of night
Appears the morning beam.

‘ In quest of her I wander, wild,
O’er mountain, stream, and plain;
And, if I find her not, I fly
To Indian climes again.’

The father thus began—‘ My son,
Mourn not thy wretched fate;
For He that rules in heaven decrees
This life a mixed state.

‘ The stream that carries us along
Flows through the vale of tears;
Yet on the darkness of our day
The bow of heaven appears.

‘ The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
Is fenced with prickles round;
Queen of the vale, the lily fair
Among the thorns is found.

‘ E’en while we raise the song, we sigh
The melancholy while;
And down the face of mortal man
The tear succeeds the smile.

‘ Nought pure or perfect here is found;
But, when this night is o’er,
The’ eternal morn will spring on high,
And we shall weep no more.

‘ Beyond the dim horizon far,
That bounds the mortal eye,
A better country blooms to view
Beneath a brighter sky.’—

Unseen, the trembling virgin heard

The stranger's tale of woe;

Then enter'd, as an angel bright,

In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose—he look'd, he gazed—

He stood a statue pale;

His heart did throb, his cheek did change,

His faltering voice did fail.

At last, ' My Emily herself,

Alive in all her charms!'

The father kneel'd; the lovers rush'd

To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranced

Long while they did remain;

They glow'd, they trembled, and they sobb'd,

They wept, and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands

To bless the happy pair;

Heaven smiled on Edward the beloved,

And Emily the fair.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the seagirt earth array,

King of the sky, and father of the day!

O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,

Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,

For ever burning, and for ever bright,

With heaven's pure fire and everlasting light?

What awful beauty in thy face appears!

Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,

And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,

The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of heaven forsakes the' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.

The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!

Who can abide the brightness of thy face!

Or who attend thee in thy rapid race!

The mountain oaks like their own leaves decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main, that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;

The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;

But thou for ever shalt endure the same,

Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;

When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire: [dire,

When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder
rolls,

And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;

If from the opening clouds thy form appears,

Her wonted charm the face of Nature wears;

Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,

Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

HYMNS.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers we now present
 Before thy throne of grace ;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us by day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

O, spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our fathers' loved abode
 Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
 Thy mercy we implore ;
 Then with the grateful voice of praise
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

THE
COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, ' Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.'

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas ! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span ;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold ! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field ;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipp'd by the year, the forest fades ;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain :
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again :

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom ;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?—

‘Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.’

Thus Nature pour’d the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

The’ Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that open’d wide,
His voice in mercy flows—

‘When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
To never setting day.

‘Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies,’



TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
E’en from my mother’s womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend:
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
“ Up to the hill of God (they'll say),
And to his house we'll go.”

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruninghooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

BEHOLD! the' Ambassador divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul,—

Thus saith the Lord, 'Thee have I sent,
A Prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

'Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight;
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light;

'The gates of brass shall sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall;
The promised jubilee of Heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

'And lo! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And, trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

'I am Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.'

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!

Let earth his praise resound :

Ye who upon the ocean dwell,

And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin

The universal song;

And let the scatter'd villages

The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar

Lift up the lonely voice;

And let the tenants of the rock

With accent rude rejoice.

O, from the streams of distant lands

Unto Jehovah sing !

And joyful from the mountains' tops

Shout to the Lord the King !

Let all combined with one accord

Jehovah's glories raise,

Till in remotest bounds of earth

The nations sound his praise,



MESSIAH ! at thy glad approach

The howling wilds are still;

Thy praises fill the lonely waste,

And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,

Their sacred stores unlock ;

Loud in the desert sudden streams

Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale :
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose ;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannah sing !
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King !

WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given ;

Simeon, the just and the devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain,

Came, heaven-directed, at the hour
When Mary held her son ;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run :

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promised child.
And then he lifted up to heaven
An earnest asking eye ;
' My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord! let thy servant die.
' At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease ;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!
' The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine ;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine !'

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of Mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow sufferer yet retains
A fellow feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour !

THE END.









